

STRANGER THAN FICTION

A True Life Story of
W. QUINETT HENDRICKS

Known as
"POP" QUINETT
in the Circus World



Price \$1.00

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W. Q. HENDRICKS



W. QUINETT HENDRICKS
("Pop" Quinett)

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Waukegan 

Stranger Than Fiction

A True Life Story of W. Hendricks Quinett

I was born on the 28th day of May, 1849, at Quincy, Odams County, Illinois. Quincy is on the east side of the Mississippi River, at that time a little city of 2,000 population. On the west side of the Mississippi River was the slave state of Missouri. There was a village of about 150 people opposite the city. This little town was called West Quincy. A ferry-boat ran back and forth every time the bell was rung in West Quincy when any people or teams wanted to cross.

My father was in the Transfer business. He had two old-fashioned pigeon-tailed drays. He would go over on Saturdays when this was sales day for the planters to bring their produce, cattle, hogs, chickens and negroes to be sold.

It was Auction Day. So one Saturday when my father was over there, there were six or seven colored men and women to be sold at auction to the highest bidder. There was a colored woman sitting on the bench by herself. Father went to her and asked her who her master was. She said, "Massy Tom Ball." So father went and saw Ball. He was in a saloon drinking. Father called him out and said, "Tom, what do you want for that woman?" He said, "Why, Peter, do you want her?" Father said, "Yes, how much do you want for her?" He said, "Three hundred and fifty dollars." Father said, "Is she all sound every way?" Ball said, "Sound and in good condition. She is a little lame in her left leg. It is a half inch shorter than her right leg." He said, "Tom, I will give you three hundred dollars cash for her. I want to take her over to my home to help my wife, as she is not very well and has a sick baby on her hands." He said, "All right, Peter, you can have her."

So they went to the Justice of the Peace and fixed up the Bill of Sale. Father gave him a check on Caspers Bank at Quincy. Then he went to Lucy and said, "Lucy, how would you like to go to Illinois?" She said, "Oh Mistah, please take me to Illinois." So he said, "All right, Lucy, come with me." He brought her to our home and then he went up to the Court-house and filed a bond with the Judge of the Court that she should never become a charge on the state, county or city for a period of five years. The compensation to be one hundred dollars a year. He was to board, clothe, and take care of her in sickness and death. So she became a fixture in our home and was my special nurse. I will tell you my mother's story of my baby life.

When I was about eighteen months old I was a very sickly little baby and Aunt Lucy was my nurse. So along about the middle of August I was taken very sick with what the doctor claimed was "summer complaint." I was so seriously ill they thought that I was dead. So they sent for Doctor Castell. He

came and looked at me, examined me, and said to my mother, "Mrs. Hendricks, that baby is dead and I can do nothing for him. However, I am sorry for you." So mother sent my uncle Dick after my father. He came and then sent for the undertaker, Wes Bartlett. He came and brought his cooling board and a little white coffin. My mother and Lucy dressed me, fixed me as I should be and placed me on the cooling board and Lucy was there to watch over me during the night, and the next morning at 10 o'clock they had arranged to bury me.

It was on the next morning about 8 o'clock. Lucy was in the room where I was and mother said she cried out very loud, "Come here, Mrs. Hendricks, come here quick!" Mother said she ran into the room and said, "What's the matter, Lucy?" Lucy said, "I declare there's life in that child." Mother said, "Oh Lucy, the doctor says he is dead." "Yes," she said, "I know I saw his little finger move and he is too warm, his body is too warm." She said, "I'm going to try experimenting." Mother said, "There is no use to do anything, Lucy." Lucy then went and took the looking-glass and held it over my mouth to see if there was any moisture there, and then she said, "Mrs. Hendricks, I'm going to try to experiment like they used to do on the plantation on chicken fights. They used to pick up a rooster when he would fall over dead for the want of breath and blow hot air in his lungs." So she got down and took my mouth in her mouth and she blowed and puffed as hard as she could and when she got up nearly out of wind, mother said, "Lucy, that is all nonsense." And while they were discussing this question, mother was watching me, and she said, "Oh Lucy, Lucy, I declare I believe I saw that child's eye wink." Lucy said, "I tell you there's life in that child." So Lucy tried the same thing over again, and after she had finished blowing in my mouth and was standing there for a minute or two when mother said, "Why, he is breathing." Lucy said, "I told you there was life in that child." And then mother said I went into a deep sleep and slept until late in the afternoon.

Lucy was in the room all the time watching me and she called out to my mother to come there quick. Mother came, and there she said I lay, with both of my little baby eyes wide open, looking around and breathing naturally. I began to improve and get strong. There was nothing unusual happened then until I was about seven years of age.

I was playing in our back yard where my uncle William was building a pig pen. The fence along the alley was all torn down. We had three cows and sold milk. There was a little girl of about my age and size who came every morning to get milk. There was an iron pot sat there about the size of a large skillet, which we kept water in for the chickens, and as I saw her coming up to the house I tried to catch up to her. Uncle Will cried, "Run, run, there's a mad dog", and threw his hatchet at the dog. I turned back to look and stumbled over this pot, and as I fell the dog grabbed me and bit me on the seat. As I

tried to fight him off, he bit me on both arms. I threw him off of me and he went on up towards the house, and as we had workmen there putting a cellar under it, the dog ran under the house and the workmen ran out of the way. Our large dog we had by the name of "Catch" ran up to this dog and it bit him. He also bit our little black dog, "Cola", and started down Spring Street towards the river. A cow being in his way, he bit the cow, and as it happened there was a man by the name of Guy Printis, who was just returning from hunting. He saw the dog coming down the street and the people shouting "mad dog." He threw up his gun and blew the dog's head off.

They sent for a doctor. It was five days before he came. He was a German doctor who had just arrived with 200 immigrants. He could speak no English, but my father could speak German. So this doctor examined me very carefully. He poulticed the wounds, gave me some medicine to take inwardly, and every morning he came and would take a silver knife and take those poultices off and drop them into a glass of milk—if they were full of poison they would rise to the surface. On the ninth day he gave me a spoonful of some kind of medicine which made me terribly sleepy. So I said, "Mother, I'm awfully sleepy." She led me by the arm and took me to the room and I laid down on the bed. As she went out of the room the last thing I heard was the key being turned. It was late in the afternoon when I was lying with my face towards the window, I heard someone crying, or seemed to be crying, standing by the bedside. I turned over and there stood my mother with both hands clasped in front of her and with tears running down her face. I said, "Mother, what are you crying for?" She said, "Oh my God, my boy is saved." Nothing unusual happened until about a year after that.

When the first railroad came into Quincy, the C. B. & Q., all the people of the town held a great jubilee one Sunday morning. My two brothers and I were down in the yard near the round-house. There was an old fashioned hand car standing there. I sat down on this car and my brother gave it a push. The handle came down and struck me on the forehead and crushed my head. They picked me up and carried me into the round-house and threw water on me. They carried me home and I lay unconscious for four weeks. They kept me alive by feeding me with a hose. They put bandages and weights on my head to draw it into proper shape, but before doing so they placed a silver plate in there. When I came to my mind I was in a condition like a person with St. Vitus dance. I could not keep my head from shaking and my right eye was crossed considerably toward my nose. I used to go up to the school yard and watch the children play. I began to get better, my head began to quit shaking, I grew stouter and the doctors seemed to think I would become all right, except the little bit crossed in the right eye. There was nothing unusual happened to me after that until I was eleven years old.

One day my father told the three of us boys that we should saw ten sticks of wood each and clean out the stable and the cow shed. That morning my two brothers ran away and went to the river, but I stayed there with my mother and nursed my younger brother, as it was wash-day and mother and Lucy were washing. When my father came home that evening, he said, "Where's those boys?" Mother said, "There is no one here but Will. He has been helping me all day." Father had his black-snake whip in his hand. I was in the yard. When he came out he saw me. He grabbed me by the hair and began to beat me with the whip. I had very thin clothes on—a little hickory shirt and a pair of overalls—I was barefoot. Every lick he hit me would raise a welt on my legs. My mother, hearing me scream, ran out and pushed him over and said, "Peter, if you strike that boy again I'll take a stick of wood and knock you down." So he pushed me from him, throwing me to the ground, and kicked me in the ribs. I was laid up in bed for two days or more. This was along about the 10th of May. We were all sitting at the supper table and father spoke up and said, "If you boys don't clean that stable and cow shed as I tell you to I'll give you some more." And he looked at me. I said, "Father, you'll never strike me again as long as you live." Mother tried to prevent me from talking. I said, "No Mother, he shall never hit me again as long as I live."

That night I went upstairs with my brothers to go to bed as they did. We all three slept in one room. We had then a small single bed which we would push in under the large bed when not in use. I pulled the small bed out and slept in it and the two brothers in the large bed. When I thought they were sound asleep, I got up, went to a large closet there in the room, got my best suit of clothes and shirts that I could get ahold of, put them into a bundle and then I tip-toed downstairs very easily, unlocked the front door and went to the river as fast as I could go, for there was a large steamboat came in there every night about 12 o'clock, coming from the north, going to St. Louis. So when the steamer "Canada" arrived there at the wharf-boat I watched my chance and sneaked on board, got into the hold of the boat and laid there until we arrived in St. Louis the next morning. Watching my chance while they were unloading the boat, I got out of the boat and going up the levee, I hid my bundle in a pile of skids which they lay goods on. I went down on board of the steamboat and asked if they could give me something to eat. The cook told me that if I would peel that keg full of potatoes he would give me a meal. So I began and I peeled that keg nearly full of potatoes. When I came out, he said, "Well, that'll do, kidd. Just come in and get your breakfast". So I went in and he gave me a pan and told me to help myself. I surely did help myself to a good meal as I did not know when I would get another. Then I went up to the center of the city and it was a great sight to me as I was never in a large city before. So I just wandered around from street to street, looking in the

show windows until 7 o'clock in the evening. I was standing on the corner of Market and Fifth Street, which is now Broadway. A man came up to me and said, "Kid, do you know where I could get a bed?" I told him I had seen a sign up by the market which said "Beds 10 & 15c." So I went up with him. He went in and paid his 15c for a "flop", as he called it. I went in and the manager there said, "What do you want, kid?" I said, "I want a bed." He said, "Have you got any money?" I said, "I have got ten cents." He said, "Give it to me and follow that fellow upstairs." As I turned from the office to go upstairs, I heard him say, "I'll bet that is a run-away boy. We'll hold him here in the morning and we may get a reward for him." So when I heard that I didn't go upstairs but made a break for the door and ran to the levee as fast as I could go. It was drizzling rain then and he had my ten cents, so I wandered along until I came to a large goods box which extended a little ways over the curbstone. I crawled under this box and sat there all night. The rain was coming in through the cracks and I got very wet, cold and chilly. In the morning I heard someone taking the shutters down from his windows and opening his place of business. He saw me and said, "Hello, kid, what are you doing under there?" I said, "I was trying to keep what are you doing under there?" I said, "I was trying to keep out of the rain." He said, "Are you wet?" I said, "Yes, and I'm awfully cold." He said, "Come in here. I have a fire." So I went in and he had a little fire. I stood by the stove there and was shivering. He then said, "I will go and get you a cup of coffee." When he went out I thought that he might be going for the police, so I ran out of there as quick as I could, went down to the wharf boat and stayed there for quite a while. Then I went aboard the big steamer there and I asked them for my breakfast. The deck hands had all just had their breakfast and the cook told me to go and gather up all those mess pans and bring them in, clean them out, and stack them up by the cook-house door, which I did. Then he gave me a good square meal. That day I went up and down the levee, going aboard a great many boats trying to get a job as a cabin boy. At last I came to the Missouri River Packett Company Wharf Boat and went aboard of a side-wheel boat there, which was loading to go up the Missouri River. I went and asked for the steward. All river boats had a drinking bar on them. The steward was the bar keeper. I asked him if he was the steward. He said, "Yes, what do you want?" I asked him if he could give me a job as a cabin boy on that boat. He said, "Did you ever work on a steamboat?" I said, "No sir, but I can learn. I want a job because I have got no father nor mother and I have no money." He said, "My poor boy, you are in a terrible fix." I think I can use you all right, but where's your clothes? Are those the best clothes you have on? I said, "Yes." He said, "You can't get around the cabin of this boat with those heavy shoes on. I am going to trust you and see if you are honest.

I am going to give you an order to go to the boat store and get yourself a couple of white jackets, a couple of white shirts, a white pair of pants, if they are too large for you we will have the chamber-maid cut them down, and a pair of slippers." So I went to the boat store and got what he told me to. I also got a box of paper collars, some neckties and handkerchiefs so I could fix myself up. Then I came back to the boat. He told me to go back to the chamber-maid, who was a very fat colored woman and her name was Nancy. He said, "Tell Nancy that I sent you back. You take a bath and fix yourself up." So I did as he told me to. She fixed me up nicely and I went up to the front where he was and when he saw me, he said, "My goodness! What a transformation."

I went to work on that boat and soon learned what was to be done. There was only one more boy on the boat besides myself. When the boat started up the Missouri River we had a company of United States soldiers on the lower deck and in the cabin we had the three officers and their wives, who were going up the river to Fort Sioux, which is now Sioux City, Iowa. That was in 1860. The steamer was named Eclipse. We would tie up to the bank every night, as that was the swiftest river in the United States. It was called "The Big Muddy." We did not run after night at all. Nothing unusual happened so far. We arrived in Kansas City, which was then a small town of about 2,500 and we remained there two days discharging and taking on freight. Then we went to St. Joseph, Missouri, and laid there two days. From there we went to Omaha, Nebraska, the last civilized town in the northwest. Omaha was then situated on a ridge of land, which is now Tenth & Farnum Street. As it was the spring of the year, the high water had passed and left about a quarter of a mile of mud, which the sun had baked so that it was cracked open terribly, but they had made a wagon road for about a quarter of a mile out to the boat. Omaha was the starting point of all teams going west to the gold mines into California at that time. While laying at Omaha we got boiler iron and placed on each side of the pilot house. That was to keep the Indians from shooting the pilot while we were on our way up to Fort Sioux as we were beyond all civilization. When we wanted to fire the boat we would send the soldiers out to stand guard while the deck hands went to cut wood. We arrived at Fort Sioux about November 1st, and there we discharged our cargo of soldiers and governmental supplies. We laid there about three weeks, repairing, cleaning up about the border of the boat, preparing to return to St. Louis. We loaded the boat nearly to the guards with bundles of buffalo hides and dry hides of cattle. Just before we started south, the steward, Mr. George Anthony, came to me and said, "Billy, do you know you have quite a lot of money coming to you?" I said, "Mr. Anthony, I do not know how much I have got as I did not know how much I was to get." He did not tell me how much I was to get, but said, "I will take the money that

is coming to you and buy mink skins and other valuable furs, as I am going to buy quite a lot of them myself, and when you arrive in St. Louis you will have quite a lot of money."

So we started back to St. Louis, but before we got there the ice began to come down the river. So we did not make the usual landings and arrived in St. Louis safely. After we had discharged our cargo and laid the boat up for the winter I went out to Mr. Anthony's home and remained with him for four or five weeks. And as they had no children they were very good to me. One day as I was on the levee I saw a very large boat which was heavily loaded for New Orleans. I made up my mind that I would like to go to New Orleans. So that night when I went home I asked Mr. Anthony if he could fix me to go on the Commonwealth to New Orleans. He said, "Billy, they do not carry any white crew in the cabin; they are all negroes, but I will see Mr. Swartz, the steward, and see if I can fix it for you." So as the boat was to start the day after that, he came home in the evening and told me that he had arranged everything so that I could go as cabin watchman on that boat to New Orleans, and that I should report the next day to Mr. Swartz as the boat would leave that evening. Which I did.

Mr. Swartz was a very fine man. He told me that he would instruct me just what my position was. He told me that I was to remain up all night and awaken the passengers in plenty of time for their landings at different points. It was also my duty to set a lunch for the crew that were going on watch and those who were coming off watch. After 6 o'clock in the morning I had all day to sleep and rest. He was to pay me \$1.00 per day.

We arrived in New Orleans about the first of March 1861. We remained there discharging our cargo and began to load the boat for a return trip north when the cry of war was everywhere in the air and the people of New Orleans were worked up terribly over the matter of war. It was on or about the first of April. Captain Frank Burnett came down from the city and called the mate of the boat, telling him to get their cargo on as quick as he could. He said, "What do you think? The rebels have fired on Fort Sumter and war is declared and I want to get this boat out of here at 4 o'clock. I don't want those rebels to confiscate my boat." So we pulled out into the river and nothing unusual happened. We arrived in St. Louis on or about the first of May and Lincoln had called for 75,000 soldiers, so the Civil War was on then.

I went to Mr. Anthony's home and stayed there a week or two and he told me that he had sold all of his furs and what belonged to me. He said, "Billy, do you know you have got quite a bunch of money coming to you? The money I got for your furs and your salary amounts to nearly \$300." So then I sat down and told him the truth, that I had a father and mother, and that my home was in Quincy, Illinois, and that my father was very cruel to me was why I had left home. But I want to go

home and see mother," I said. So he said, "Well, I will not give you all your money, but I will give you a draft on a bank in Quincy." Which he did. So I took the boat that evening at 4 o'clock and went to Quincy. The next morning I went to the Virginia Hotel, remained there for a day, then went down home and saw my mother. They were all terribly surprised to see me, as I had been gone over a year and they did not know whether I was living or dead. I never went home when my father was there as I did not care to speak to him.

When the war started in 1861, I was not quite twelve years of age. When the soldiers were coming to Quincy, and my brother who was three years older than I, went with the company that was organizing at Quincy, I tried to go with that company but they would not take me. I was supposed to be going to school at the time, but I hid my books in a lumber yard and went to the barracks which was an old soap factory on Delaware Street. There the 1st Battalion of Yate's Sharp Shooters was organized by Governor Yates of Illinois.

I went to the barracks every day in place of going to school. I got myself a bootblack outfit and told the officers of Co. D of that battalion that I had no father or mother and that I wanted to go with them to Cairo, Illinois. Captain Stewart, of Co. D, told me I could go as captain's waiter, but that would be the only way he could take me.

On the 14th of October, 1861, they had marching orders to go to Cairo, Illinois, and I went down to the railroad yard that day. There was a long train of box and stock cars, with plenty of straw in them, for the soldiers. I got into a car that was marked with a big letter "D", and waited until the soldiers came down to get into the cars. When the men of that company all came down to get into the cars, the sergeant got in and discovered me hiding in the corner. He was the sergeant in charge of that car, and he said, "Kid, what are you doing in here?" I told him that Captain Stewart had told me I could go to Cairo with the company. He said, "I am sergeant of this car, and you will have to get out." I began to cry, and all the other soldiers said, "Oh, sergeant, let him go; he says he has no father or mother." So he said, "All right, then, stay in that corner, for if Captain Stewart sees you, he may put you out. Well, I waited in the corner. Looking through the slats of the car, I could see the freight depot; and there I saw my father and four negroes he had working for him. They were loading freight on wagons, as my father was doing transferring and trucking at that time.

When we arrived in Cairo we went into barracks, and I stayed with that battalion for a while. Afterwards the 10th Illinois Infantry was camped in a barracks near there and there were so many boys from Quincy in that regiment whom I knew. I also knew Colonel Morgan, Lieut. John Tiltson, Major Rowland; but they did not know me. So I got in with Co. K, Captain George Lusk, 1st Lieut. Gottlieb Gient, 1st Lieut. John Fahanstock, and 2nd Lieut. Thomas Kennedy.

I served in that company just the same as all the other soldiers. I drew my rations, went to the commissariat and got my clothes—that is underclothes, shoes, and everything—just the same as every other soldier. On pay day for the company, the officers would give me some money and the men of the company would too. When on the march I was in line just the same as the other men of the company. Company K did not have a drummer. Captain Lusk gave me an order to go to the Commissary Department and draw a drum, which I did. When

I got the drum he said, "Devil" (that was a nickname the boys gave me) "that drum will cost you \$7.50 if you break it." He told me to report to Billy Catts, the drum major of the regiment, and I did. He gave me the instructions and in a short time I was able to go in dress parade, beat reveille and taps. I reported and did my duty in that company as if I had been an enlisted man.

While on the march to Columbus and Paduca, and on the march to Sykston, Mo., I was loaded down with my knapsack and the drum. It was a hard march for me and I got back of the regiment as I could not keep up. Late in the afternoon I stopped and was sitting by the road side. An officer came along with four or five orderlies with him. He stopped and asked me what regiment I belonged to. I told him Co. K, 10th Ill. Inf. He said, "Well, my little soldier boy, you have too big a load. Now, you just let me help you so you can catch up with your command. Just give me that knapsack of yours and I will carry it for you. I am going to Sykston and will give it to you when I get there." I said, "How will you know me?" He laughed and said, "What is your name?" I said, "Just ask for the drummer of Co. K, Billy the Devil." I handed him the knapsack and he then rode on, knapsack hanging to the saddle. When we got into Sykston there was a little skirmish with the Rebels. The officers went into quarters in an empty house. We had not been in quarters long when the picket on guard called the officer on guard. It was very dark. The officer of the guard called me and when I went out, there was an officer on horseback with my knapsack; handing me my knapsack he said, "Billy, you must cut down that knapsack or the Rebels will get you some day." The sergeant of the guard said, "Billy do you know who that officer is?" When I told him that I did not he said, "That is General Payne, who is in command of the army here.

I was in the regiment until it re-enlisted at Rossville, Ga., and went home to Quincy, Illinois, with them. That was late in the fall of 1863. But before we left there, Lieut. Fahnstock took me to the Commissary Department and had me draw a complete outfit of clothes—everything that I needed—and when we got into the barracks at Quincy, Lieut. Fahnstock pinned his 2nd Lieut. epaulets on my shoulders. How proud I was of it. By that time they knew that I had a father and mother.

After we had arrived at the barracks I went home. It was the first time I had seen my mother since 1861. My mother hugged and kissed me and cried. When my father came home I was afraid of him; but he hugged and kissed me and said, "What are you doing with those soldier clothes on?" I said "Why, father. I am a soldier and have been out for over two years. I am a drummer." He said, "Well, do your duty, my boy, and fight well for your country."

Just before the thirty day furlough, I went to the Captain of Co. K and asked him if he could not enlist me, as they were taking so many new recruits and drafted men into the regiment. He said, "I will see about it." So, on the 27th day of January, 1863, he came to me and said, "Billy, I will put you in today. How old are you now?" I said, "I was fourteen years of age last May." He said, "Well, you must say you are over eighteen when they ask you." I said, "All right, Captain." In the afternoon he came and said, "All right, Billy, come with me." Then he said, "Here, put these figures in your shoes." and handed me two figures "18" and said, "Do as I tell you and watch me." I knew there was some kind of a joke by putting those figures in my shoes. We went up to the Headquarters and went in. The mustering officers was there, also

Colonel Morgan, Major Rowland, Lieut. Co. Tiltson and four or five other officers. He said, "Major, I would like to have you enlist this man as a private in my company. He said, "All-right, Captain." He then turned to me (all the officers were laughing) and in a very abrupt voice said, "What is your name?" I said, "William Hendricks." If I had said William Henry, Col. Morgan and a great many of the other officers who lived in Quincy would have known my father, as most of the men with whom he did business called him Henry for short. The Major said, "Where is your home?" I said, "With the 10th Ill. Infantry, Co. K, for the last two years." They all laughed. He then asked me, "Are you over eighteen?" He did not say over eighteen years but just "over eighteen." I looked at the Captain. He nodded his head to say yes. He then said, "Hold up your hand", and I did. He then gave me the oath. After that, stepping up to me and pointing his finger at me, he said, "Now you go to your company; and if you are as good a soldier as you are a liar, you will make a good one. As I was going out the Captain caught me by the sleeve of my coat and said, "Take off your shoes and show him you are over eighteen." I sat on the floor and took off my shoes. Taking the numbers and holding them up to the officer he said, "Look here, Major, wasn't he over eighteen?" Colonel Morgan turned around and shaking his head and laughing said, "Captain, take that devil away from here."

I was then a full fledged soldier, serving my regiment, putting in two years, going through all the battles and skirmishes of the regiment: Corinth, Miss.; Shilo; Nashville, Tenn.; Chicamauga; Missionary Ridge, Lookout Mountain and the siege of Atlanta; from there with Sherman's March to the Sea and then to Washington on grand review. Was mustered out at Louisville, Ky., on the 4th day of July, 1865; received my discharge at Chicago, Ill., on the 11th day of July, 1865.

Now, I am not asking the Government to give me any pay for the service that I rendered as a boy from 1861 to 1863; but all I want the government to give me is the pension that is due me as a soldier—when I enlisted and they accepted me as a soldier, eighteen years of age.

I was 17 years and six week old when I was discharged at Chicago, Ill., July 11, 1865. I lost the sight of my right eye for a long time but the sight came back as I grew older so I could see a little out of it.

After I had been mustered out at Chicago, I bought a ticket for Quincy, Illinois, and left for home. When the train arrived that day about 1:30 at Galesburg, Illinois, they called out twenty minutes for dinner. I got out to get lunch and I heard a band playing on the other side of the depot. So instead of getting a lunch I went out to see what it was, and there I saw a small overland circus. There was a large man standing by the door. I asked him if he wanted any more help. He looked at me and said, "Are you a discharged soldier?" I told him that I was and that I was going to my home in Quincy. He said, "Well, get your knapsack and come on. I'll place you, all right." So that was the first circus I ever joined.

It was the old original Miles Orten Circus. I remained with them for three months as property man. My duty was to wait upon the performers, carrying objects in and out for them. But as I always could tumble and turn hand springs, I would, after the afternoon show, always go into the ring and practice tum-

bling. And as they had leaping in the show, they had a 60-foot running board, 8 feet high at the slope down to the spring board. I would practice every afternoon after the show.

The Lessley brothers were doing a double trapeze. One day Charley dropped his brother Lem and broke his wrist. So their act was out of the show. The manager came to me and said, "Kid, you fix up an act, as I see you have been practicing considerably." I told him I thought I could. So I got ropes and an iron bar and fixed up a single trapeze. I practiced every day for nearly a week. Then I went in and did the act before the public, also went in tumbling and the leaps. When the salary day came after that he paid me \$5 a week. I remained with that show about three months, and when it arrived at Warsaw, Illinois, on the Mississippi River on a Sunday morning, he paid me my salary. I saw a large steamboat, the steamer Hannibal City. I then made up my mind to go home. I took my knapsack when that boat arrived at 10 o'clock in the morning and went home to Quincy. When I arrived home my mother was anxious to see me, and there I also met my father who was so changed that I was astonished. He greeted me very nicely and said, "Now, my soldier boy, what are you going to do?" I told him I did not know. He said, "I can put you to work." I said, "Well, I'll see about it." And in a day or two I took a steamer and went to St. Louis. The winter of 1865 I worked in St. Louis at Hartenscott's Wholesale Oyster House opening oysters and all different kinds of sea food. The spring of '66 I joined the old original Yankee Robinson's Circus on about the first of May. I remained with that show the entire season. Nothing unusual happened only when the roads were heavy and muddy, making travel difficult. I closed about the middle of November at Joplin, Missouri, and went home to St. Louis.

That fall I became acquainted with a young lady at the hotel where I was boarding. I became very much attached to her, and late that fall we were married. She was sixteen years old and I was eighteen. The next spring I started out with a circus which had a menagerie, one elephant, two camels, and eight cages of animals. It was going to make a tour of the South. I could not arrange to take my wife with me, so I left her in St. Louis. I closed the season with that circus at Springfield, Missouri, about the first of November. I then went back to St. Louis and worked at the old theatre "Comic" and Degal's Varieties on Market Street.

The Life Story of A Very Dear Friend

From midnight the night before, when the circus men pulled down the tents, loaded the wagons and started for the next town, until ten o'clock in the morning, the horses had been struggling through the deep black mud of Arkansas—for it was the old-time one-ring circus, traveling by wagons through the South in Reconstruction days just after the Civil War. It was the troupe's

first show to travel in the South after the war. It had been raining for two days and the mud clogged the wagon wheels. Often a heavy wagon or cage would get mired down and old "Romeo", the lone elephant of the show, would be brought up to help extricate the wagon. Placing his head against the rear of the wagon, this intelligent animal, with the aid of the horses, would soon land it on firmer ground and move on with the rest of the baggage wagons, the band wagon, performers' carriages and the few cages of animals. Quite often the performers, pitying the horses that were pulling their carriages through the mud, would alight and paddle along for a mile or two, ankle deep in the slimy ooze. The rain had ceased in the early morning. Finally the town was reached, the pole, tent and baggage wagons in advance.

The tent was soon erected on the ground previously selected by our advance agent. At that time, the performers and musicians were quartered at the various hotels, while the canvas men, teamsters and hostlers ate and slept in a separate tent.

Then came the parade, with Old Romeo at the head. Perched on his back sat a man with a gigantic papier-mache human head bowing to right and left as the cavalcade wound through the streets. Few of the white people had ever seen an elephant before, while the darkies, who had come into the town two or three days before circus day and camped on vacant lots or in the suburbs, stood with wide open eyes gazing at this monster coming down the street, their superstitious minds filled with wonder and awe at the great spectacle. The sun was now shining brightly, showing off to good effect the dapper horsemen with their shining armor, while the ornate band wagon followed, the musicians playing invariably, "Dixie."

Riding with me in a single buggy was a remarkable man named William Morgan, a splendid specimen of physical manhood, though at this time (1867) he was nearing his sixtieth year. He was highly educated, speaking several languages, though reticent as to his life before he became a circus performer, juggling heavy cannon balls in the ring in a way that astonished the audiences. He was quiet and unassuming, always courteous in his bearing to the rest of the company.

The unsettled condition of the South during the reconstruction period made it a hazardous undertaking to make a tour through the country with a circus. The gallant Confederate officers and soldiers, returning from a four years' bloody war, found themselves impoverished by the terrible struggle, and so became a reckless lot of fellows who, upon the slightest provocation or without any provocation, would force a conflict upon the circus people that often ended with several fatalities. In an incident in which I was one of the actors, Morgan showed his wonderful nerve in a most trying situation.

When the performance was about half over, my business was to announce the minstrel show to take place in the ring at the conclusion of the circus, then, with an assistant, I would

walk around among the seats selling tickets for the concert. Morgan, whose "act" came on early in the program, would dress and go out in front to be of assistance to the doorkeeper if any was required. On this occasion I had reached the end of the seats next to the door, when I encountered half a dozen young fellows standing near the entrance. I saw at a glance that they had been drinking heavily, so intended passing them to go to the opposite side, but they had seen me with the tickets and a number of bills for making change. They came to me and asked the price of the tickets. I told them when one of them, evidently the leader, said: "We'll just take those tickets, you d—d Yankee," and grabbed my hand. The others joined him and forced open my hand, taking the tickets and money. "Let's shoot him," said another of them and several drew their revolvers. I was unarmed and I realized my danger from these drunken desperadoes. Ducking my head, I struck the nearest one in the stomach, bowling him over and, jumping over his body, dodged under the nearest row of seats. Two or three of them fired at me as I ran, one of the bullets just grazing the side of my head and burying itself in one of the "jacks", the uprights upon which the seats rested.

Morgan, who had witnessed the unprovoked attack on me, jumped in front of the crowd, his eyes blazing. Though unarmed, he grasped two of their guns and cried, "Back, you cowards! You attack an unarmed man. You call this southern chivalry? You are a disgrace to the name of the South!" They looked at Morgan, facing them so fearlessly and seemed ashamed. Then the leader stepped up to him and apologized for himself and companions, handing the tickets and money to him and insisted on paying for the crowd. Not one man in a thousand would have faced a drunken mob, all armed, and himself totally unarmed. Yet Morgan rebuked that whicky-crazed gang with a fearlessness which made me wonder, as I had often wondered before, what could have been his former life.

Before that night had passed, I was to hear a most wonderful story. It was on a Saturday and we were to rest over Sunday in the town. Morgan and I were assigned a room in the hotel containing two beds. After retiring, the excitement of the encounter with the drunken gang kept me awake until after midnight. On the east side of our room, were two large windows. A full moon shining through the windows made the room almost as light as day. Morgan's even breathing told me he was slumbering like a child. Finally, my excited state gave way to the fatigue of the previous two days, and I sank into a deep sleep. How long I slept, I do not know, but I was awakened by a most peculiar noise, not loud, but as though some one were fighting for his life with an unseen foe.

Fully awake at last, I discovered Morgan in the middle of the room in his night clothes, the bright moonlight shining on his face. One hand was clutching at his throat while, with the other, he was waving away from himself some horrible shape

that he was seeing in his nightmare. In the most agonizing voice, he exclaimed: "Go away, go away I tell you. Leave me! For God's sake leave me alone. I did not do it, I tell you. I tried to save you. Oh, go away! Go away!"

Then with both hands outstretched, he seemed to plead with some object in front of him. His face assumed such a piteous expression that I jumped out of bed, ran to him, taking him by the shoulders and shaking him, I said, "Bill—Bill, what is the matter? Wake up, old pal." He was trembling like a leaf, his powerful body shaking like an aspen and the perspiration streaming down his face, while his nightclothes were as wet as if he had fallen into a river. When he wakened, he was so weak I had to assist him to his bed. He sat down on the side of the bed, buried his face in his hands and sobbed like a child. He finally looked up at me and asked me to hand him his grip. I gave it to him, and he took out a dry nightshirt which he changed for the one he had on. He asked me to sit down by his side. He said, "There is no more sleep for me tonight and I have spoiled your night's rest. I will tell you a story that will explain the phantasmagoria that I treated you to tonight." He sat for some time, as though collecting his thoughts, then said:

"I am going to ask a favor in return for my telling you something that I have never told a human being. It is that you never repeat the story until after my death. Then you can use your own judgment or pleasure in sharing it with others." I assured him of my compliance with his request. I wish I could repeat the story in the graphic language he used in telling it, but time has taken its toll of memory and my attempts to use his words will not always be successful, though I shall do the best I can.

"Thirty-five years ago," he said, "I was an undergraduate at Oxford. My father was a well-known Sussex clergyman who enjoyed high repute as a scholar. He was an especially brilliant linguist and I inherited his talent in that respect, if in no other. I have always been able to pick up a language and, of course, in knocking about the world as I have done—"

He stopped on the verge of revealing the panorama of his life, about which I had so often wondered, and evidently decided to confine himself to one narrative.

"As I say," he finally continued, "I was still at Oxford, but was in London for the holidays because I had formed an attachment for a beautiful young girl, the daughter of a London bookseller, where I first met her, as a clerk in her father's shop. Her name was Emily, a sweetfaced girl of twenty, and it was understood and approved of by both our families that we were to be married in the very near future.

"A London profligate, a younger son of an English earl, became enamored of Emily and forced his attentions on her until she complained to her father who, in turn, told me of the persecution. In St. James Park one day I chanced to meet him and several of his boon companions, all of whom were more or

less under the influence of drink. I had warned him to stop his attentions to my betrothed. He recognized me and stepping in front of me, commenced a tirade of abuse, calling me vile names. He was encouraged in this by his drunken companions. At last he struck me a blow in the face. That blow aroused all the anger and hate in my soul and I grappled with him. He was a powerful young man, perhaps two years older than I was, and the combat was fierce from its start. Finally with a blow, using every atom of my strength, I felled him and his head struck against an iron post, crushing his skull like an eggshell. His companions then attacked me, calling me a murderer, but I beat them off and made my escape from the park. Realizing my dangerous situation, with the powerful earl and the young man's companions against me, I bade a hasty farewell to Emily, wrote a full account of the affair to my father, made my way to Liverpool and joined a merchant vessel that sailed for India that day."

Here Morgan paused and, rising, he took several turns up and down the room, his mind apparently dwelling on the events as he had told them; probably a vision came to him of the beautiful girl as he saw her last, all those years ago. After a while he sat down by my side and resumed his story.

"Of course," said he, "I joined the ship under an assumed name. The captain was an American who took considerable notice of me. Being short-handed for a mate, and seeing me very adept at learning to be a sailor, he taught me navigation in the two years I sailed with him, and that knowledge became most useful to me in the following years of my wandering life. Two years after I joined the ship, she was wrecked on the coast of Brazil. My good friend, the captain, and more than half the crew perished in the disaster. Alone in a boat for three days, I was picked up by a vessel. This was in the early thirties, and the slave trade was being carried on by a lot of brutal fiends who sold most of their human merchandise to the planters in the West Indies, though a cargo often found a ready sale in the Southern states of the United States. This ship proved to be a slaver and I was given my choice of joining them or walking the plank. I chose the former, hoping that I would see a chance to make my escape."

By this time the moon had passed the zenith, but the eastern sky reflected its light through the windows and objects in the room still stood out in relief as did Morgan's profile, revealing his features, now calm and thoughtful, as he resumed his story.

"The chief of this villainous crew was, as I found later, a veritable fiend in human shape. The crew both feared and hated him, as he did not hesitate to murder any one of them who incurred his displeasure. The crew was made up of the lowest types of humanity, and you can imagine my feelings when fate cast my lot among them. The chief was of Herculean build and a despot to the crew which obeyed him in every way. They had disposed of a cargo of slaves in the West Indies, had made

a trip to one of the Central American countries for the purpose of which they did not acquaint me, and were now bound for the west coast of Africa for another cargo of slaves. The chief himself, knew nothing about navigation and the mate but very little, and, in a few weeks, they found themselves hundreds of miles off their course. Then the mate, in a drunken stupor, fell overboard, and was drowned. The chief had paid but little attention to me, except to curse me if I happened in his way. They were now all at sea, as it were, as to their location on the ocean. Thinking that I might get better treatment, I told the chief I understood navigation and would take them to the nearest port where they could secure a navigator, provided he would set me free. I hoped to make Cape Town, South Africa, which I ascertained by observation was the nearest port where I might find another vessel. The chief readily agreed to this proposition, but I soon learned to my sorrow that he had no intention of keeping his promise for, as soon as he was sure of my ability as a navigator, he threatened me with death if I did not take them to the west coast of Africa. Life was not so very attractive to me at this time, but I still had hopes of gaining my freedom and going to some new country and a new life."

Here Morgan paused, seeming to take a retrospective view of his life and surroundings at the period he was telling about. Resuming his story, Morgan said:

"I will speak briefly of the events of the next two years. I piloted the slave ship to the west coast of Africa where the slavers secured nearly three hundred slaves, men, women and a few children, and made for the West Indies. No language can ever describe the horrors endured by those helpless blacks. More than one-fourth of them perished in the stifling between-decks where they were confined. Often the fiends let the dead bodies remain for days before they threw them overboard. In due time, we reached the West Indies and the slaves were sold for a record price. While in port, I was virtually a prisoner and no opportunity came for me to escape. The next voyage proved disastrous for the slavers. They had procured a goodly number of slaves from the Arab slave dealers and were ten or twelve days' sail on their way to the West Indies when I was a witness to an atrocity, the remembrance of which caused the dream whose consequences you just saw in this room tonight." Again a sort of shudder shook his frame, but he recovered immediately and resumed his story.

"At that period, the United States, Great Britain and France, I think, entered into an agreement to suppress the slave trade. It was agreed between them that when any warship of these nations captured a vessel loaded with slaves, the officers and crews of the slave ship should be hanged at the yardarm of the vessel, the slaves taken to Africa and freed. Early one morning a British man-of-war hove in sight. The slaver changed its course and the warship started in pursuit. The warship was

probably five miles away, but seemed to be slowly gaining on the slaver when a dead calm settled down on the sea. Both vessels were, of course, sailing ships. The English officers seeing that the calm was likely to hold for several days, commenced lowering their boats, filling them with armed men. The slaver, seeing this, and knowing the consequences of being caught, perpetrated one of the most inhuman crimes ever recorded. The poor blacks, a few of them women, were brought on deck, arranged around the sides of the ship, tied together wrist to wrist. A portion of the bulwarks was removed, the end of the line of slaves secured to an extra anchor weighing more than a ton. It was then that the doomed human beings began to realize what their fate was to be. Their screams and lamentations were terrifying, but the brutal slavers hushed their cries by blows.

"One woman came on deck with a baby at her breast. One of the crew tore the child from her arms, took it to the side of the ship and threw it into the sea. The poor mother made a mute appeal to me to save her child. When all of the slaves—there must have been nearly two hundred of them—were securely tied together, the anchor was dragged to the side of the ship and cast overboard. The long line of victims quickly followed. Within a half-minute, the last one of them disappeared over the side of the vessel. All hands were now feverishly washing down the decks where the slaves had been confined and before the boats from the warship reached the slaver all evidence of the presence of the blacks had been eliminated, so the slavers were allowed to go free. The officers of the warship were confident that there had been slaves aboard, but there was no evidence to prove it."

"The chief now realized that the slave business was getting too dangerous, so he put it up to the crew to put into some port, purchase arms and ammunition and turn pirates. The villainous crew received his proposition with cheers. Bermuda was selected as the rendezvous. Here several small cannon and other arms were secured through a "fence" who dealt in questionable merchandise. Two days before the vessel was to leave port, came my first opportunity to escape. Reaching shore, I was in search of some vessel in which to make my escape from the country, when I ran into the officer of the English garrison who was a brother of the man I had killed in London. Believing that he had recognized me, I fled and my only refuge was the ship I had left.

"Again had fate served me a scurvy trick and I found myself a member of the most villainous set of cutthroats you can imagine. The east coast of South America was selected by the chief as the locality for his piracy. Within a year three vessels had been captured, one of them heavily laden with rich goods for Rio Janiero. The first ship was pretty well armed and put up such a fight that the pirates lost quite a number of their band before the merchant vessel surrendered. Then commenced such a scene of butchery that it is impossible to describe. All the

sailors refusing to join the pirates, who needed men to take the place of those killed in the battle, were either shot or made to walk the plank. Then the most valuable of the merchandise was transferred to the pirate ship and the merchant vessel was scuttled and sunk."

Again Morgan paused, rose and walked up and down the room, seeming to collect his thoughts to continue the story. A faint streak of day was beginning to show in the eastern sky when he sat down and continued:

"The second ship taken did not yield a great booty, but the third, a Portuguese merchant vessel was loaded with rich goods for Buenos Aires and Montevideo. The owner, a Portuguese merchant and his daughter, a beautiful girl of eighteen, were passengers. Several on both sides were killed in the fight for the vessel. The offer was made to some of the crew of the captured ship to join the pirates, but most of them refused to do so, whereupon they were mercilessly butchered and thrown overboard. One of the crew, in order to save his life, told the chief that the owner had a lot of gold secreted somewhere in the ship. The old gentleman was brought on deck and questioned by the chief, but refused to divulge the location of the gold. The chief subjected the merchant to the most horrible tortures his fiendish mind could invent, but the merchant still refused to tell where the gold was secreted. By this time I had succeeded in winning a number of the crew as friends and others, who hated the chief, were not unfriendly to me. While the merchant was being tortured, the daughter made piteous appeals to the chief to spare her father, but it only seemed to exasperate him and he redoubled his tortures. I had stood about all I could of this inhuman work. The girl, noticing that I took no part in the torture of her father, threw her arms around me and begged me to save him. I spoke to her in her own language when she renewed her pleadings. I had begun to think the future held little for me to live for and I then determined to end it all in one, worthy effort to do a just act, for I knew that, in all reason, death awaited me at the hands of the leader himself or some of the cutthroat crew if I interfered. Disengaging myself from the arms of the girl, I stepped up to the chief and demanded the release of the old man. His rage was something terrible. Drawing a murderous looking knife he sprang toward me. I was prepared for the onslaught and, drawing my own knife, I met him in the middle of the deck. To my surprise, the crew formed a ring around us, demanding fair play for me.

"You have no doubt wondered at the awful scars on my arms and body when we were stripped in the dressing tent preparing for the ring. I received them in that encounter with the pirate chief. He was a powerful man, but my college work in football and other athletics stood me in great need now. For a quarter of an hour we struggled up and down the deck. Just when I was almost despairing of winning the fight, the chief slipped and before he could recover, I sent my knife into his

black heart. In the encounter I had received so many terrible wounds that it was a question with me whether I lived or died, but a splendid constitution prevailed and in a few days I was able to come on deck, where the crew met me and told me I was now their chief.

"The old merchant had succumbed to his terrible torture within a few hours after my fight with the chief, and the girl had stayed by my side night and day, caring for my wounds, and it was, doubtless due to her care that I lived. After the fight between myself and the chief, it was discovered that one of the cannon balls from the pirate vessel had torn a hole in the side of the merchant ship and she was fast sinking. The crew transferred some of the most valuable goods to our own vessel and saw the merchant ship sink. They awaited the result of my wounds, for there was none among them capable of navigating the ship. So they agreed to give me the command for their own safety. Many of the original crew had aided in the three encounters, and those in their place were mostly honest sailors forced to join the pirates. I called them on deck and told them I would take charge on condition that all piracy should stop, that I would take them to some port on the west coast of South America where the vessel and merchandise should be sold, the members of the crew to receive their share of the money, and disband. They all agreed to this.

"I had become greatly attached to the beautiful Portuguese girl and she sincerely loved me. I made her my wife, it is true, without the sanction of the church, but we would have that at the first port we stopped where a church and a priest could be found." Here Morgan again paused. It was almost day, yet his story had so engrossed me that I forgot the hours that had passed since he commenced telling me his story, the most remarkable I had ever listened to.

"I come now," said he, "to a part of my story which brought the sorrow of my life to me. We had fought adverse winds in rounding Cape Horn and it was nearly one year before we were off the west coast of Chile. Here my beautiful girl-bride sacrificed her life to give birth to a baby boy. I was heart-broken, and gave little or no attention to the little thing. One of the crew, who had a wife and children in England, knew something about babies, and pounded up some ship biscuit, soaking it in sugar and water and, with a bit of linen cloth, made what he called a "sugar teat", and on that the little fellow was kept alive for four or five days until I made a small Chilean port where I prevailed on a native who had a wife and a two weeks' old baby to join the ship and care for my child. I had thrown the cannon overboard and so arranged the cargo that we had the appearance of a trading merchant vessel. Both the vessel and goods were sold in Valparaiso at a very good price; the crew received their share of the money and disbanded. I remained in Valparaiso and engaged in business and was quite successful for about five years. Then a great fire broke out, destroying five

or six blocks, and completely ruining me financially. There was a circus in the city. I got acquainted with one of the company known as the Modern Samson. He did balancing with heavy weights, and juggled cannon balls. He took me in as a partner in an act posing as living statuary. I traveled with him for a couple of years and became expert in the cannon ball act, while my boy became a very fine acrobat.

"Since I joined you in St. Louis a year ago, we have become good friends and I have told you my story. It is not a happy narrative, but I am content to wait for the end, knowing that, in my heart, I have always been an honorable man, more sinned against than sinning."

As Morgan finished, the morning sun filled the room and shone on his face, giving it a look of such splendid dignity and repose that I could scarcely believe he was the man whose life had been one of such great peril and misfortune. Sunday passed quietly. Several members of the company attended church, among them Morgan. He and I sat together during the sermon. He gave his undivided attention to the sermon and, at its conclusion, as we walked back to the hotel he seemed most thoughtful, saying but little to me. Monday morning we were on our way to the next town bright and early. Tents were put up, the parade made, and we were ready for the afternoon performance when the sheriff of the county came to see our manager. He was a gentleman and told us he was afraid that we would have trouble during the day. We were in a county under martial law. He said that he had information of a plot to break up the show by a band of forty or more reckless fellows living in a neighborhood some twenty miles distant. He had organized a posse of half-dozen or so of men he could rely upon, and proffered his aid to the circus people.

Soon after noon the desperadoes rode into town, firing their revolvers into the air, and shouting at the tops of their voices. Securing their horses to the hitching posts in front of the several saloons, they entered and commenced filling up on liquor. In half an hour they came marching up the street to the circus grounds. One of the sheriff's scouts who had been left to watch the gang, ran up ahead of them and said they were in a drunken frenzy. The management of the show had adopted a policy of having all the people of the circus go unarmed, relying on the people of the South to respect that policy and they had done so. The sheriff told the manager to have all his men arm themselves with whatever weapons they could procure, iron tent stakes, neck-yokes of the wagons and cages—anything they could handle, for it would be a fight to the death. Thinking all they would have to do would be to rush in, cut down the tents, break up the wagons and kill all who opposed them, the desperadoes had formed no definite plans of attack.

They tore down the side wall of the tent and were met by the sheriff and his men and all the circus men who could handle any kind of a weapon. They fired a volley into the circus men

killing or wounding three or four. They were answered by the sheriff and his men when Morgan, who had assumed command of the circus forces, gave the word and the men rushed right into the crowd of desperadoes, striking right and left with their tent-stakes, neck-yokes and other weapons, mixing so closely with their assailants that the latter were in danger of being shot by their own men. Morgan showed such good generalship that in a few minutes the gang was moving back. Calling the others to follow, he rushed into the midst of the attacking party, swinging a heavy neck-yoke with deadly effect. Several went down under his terrible blows when one of the miscreants fired two bullets into his breast. He staggered but did not fall; then, seeming to realize that he had received his death wounds, he sprang forward giving terrific blows to the assailants. Several paid the penalty of their unprovoked attack.

Dropping the neck-yoke, Morgan sank to the ground. So far, I had escaped any serious harm. I rushed to him, kneeling by his side. I rested his head on my arm. He looked up into my face and smiled. "My dear boy," said he, "I guess I told you my story just in time." "Bill," I said, "are you badly hurt?" "Yes, my boy, it is my last battle, but it certainly was a great fight, don't you think so?" and again he smiled. Calling two of the canvas men, we carried him into the dressing tent and the sheriff sent one of his men into the town for a doctor. Among the circus people were a number needing medical aid. When the doctor arrived, Morgan was sinking very fast, but with a smile still on his face. The doctor saw at once that his wounds were mortal and told him so. He thanked the doctor and asked them all to leave him and me alone. When they had left, he said:

"My dear boy, we have been good friends. I am going on a long journey. I have no regret for anything I have ever done, and I am glad that the end is so near. I know nothing of my people nor of the beautiful girl in whose defense I first took a human life. If you ever tell my story will you please use another name than the one I gave to you. Good-bye."

The spring of '68 I joined the North American circus at Cincinnati, Ohio, on April 24 as clown and performer, and talked for the side show. This was a one-ring circus, no menagerie, but a side-show. We traveled by steamboat on the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers. It was a stern-wheel boat—the Will S. Hayes. It had a calliope on it. We took in all the towns on the Ohio River and then went up the Mississippi River to St. Paul, Minn. When we arrived at Dubuque, Iowa, and were showing there that day there were three tough looking fellows crowding in to the Marque. The assistant boss canvasman, Gus Beck, was in charge of the door entrance. These three fellows were crowding up to the door. He asked them if they would not please stand back and let the people come in. They paid no attention to him. At last he said, "Won't you please stand back and let the people get in?" Two of them moved back a little ways, but one big fellow stood there and never moved. Beck said, "Now,

my friend, you must get back," and he put his hands on his arm and breast to push him out of the way, when he hauled off and struck Beck a very hard blow in the face, and knocked him down. Beck jumped up and as luck would have it for him, there was a stake lying there with an iron band around the top of it. He grabbed that stake to defend himself. This big fellow rushed at him. Beck struck him on the arm with the stake and broke his arm. The other two then took him away. Looking back, they said, "We will get you tonight."

So the manager, George W. Dehaven, told Beck that he had better get across the river into Illinois, as they would no doubt make a complaint and try to search the boat to see if he was hiding on it. So the canvasman took the yawl and rowed him across to Illinois. The manager gave him \$50 and told him to stay away for a week or so. We arrived in St. Paul and there we exhibited two weeks. We intended to take the Chicago Northwestern out of there for Milwaukee, as we were using company cars. We took the train and started on our trip to Milwaukee. We stopped to give the show in the little village of Spring Green, Wisconsin, which was a strong Norwegian town. The night show was over and the concert was on. The boss canvasman, Judd Webb, was standing by the side wall waiting for the concert to be over. He had taken all the seats out of the canvas, except those that the audience sat on to see the concert. And while standing there, his form made a shadow on the side wall and mine, also.

There was a bunch of Norwegians on the outside. One of them took a knife and struck at this shadow, and stuck Webb in the back, also slitting the canvas clear to the ground. Webb picked up an iron toepin and jumped through the opening and ran after this fellow, who was running towards a crowd. He threw the toe-pin at him. It struck him between the shoulders and the back of the head. They ran and picked him up. We did not know how bad he was hurt, but the manager came and said, "Tear this thing down and get it on the cars as soon as you can. This is going to cause a lot of trouble." So it didn't take us very long to get the show packed up and loaded on the train, as all the stock had been packed early, and the engineer was ready to take us out, and the crew were on hand. So we got out of that town before they could get the crowd to cause us any trouble. When we arrived at the next stand, Mr. Dehaven gave Webb \$200 and told him he had better get into Canada, for he might have killed him. So Webb went to Canada, but fortunately for him, he must not have killed him as no one ever came to the show to cause us any trouble.

We arrived in Milwaukee on Sunday morning. That year the 4th of July was on Sunday and we hurried up and got everything ready for the afternoon performance. We remained there for one whole week while the company was getting a steamer ready for us to make a tour of the lakes. When the steamer arrived from Chicago, the John J. Rowe, they put all the show

aboard her, horses and all. She was a large boat, driven by a propeller. So we took that boat and went on our tour of the lakes, making all the towns on Lake Michigan, Lake Superior, Lake Erie, and arriving at Buffalo, New York, we took railroad again and toured the eastern states. Closing our season at Springfield, Ohio, about the 15th of November, I went from there to St. Louis. That was in '68. When I arrived home my wife surprised me with a beautiful little daughter whom we named Maimee.

I remained in St. Louis that winter as stage manager of the 6th St. Varieties opposite the Union Market. In the spring of '69 I again joined a circus, which started out of Cincinnati on the same steamboat, the Will S. Hayes. The circus was called Dr. Beckinstow's Wonderful Horse Show. It was a one-ring show, also. He had twelve beautiful black horses and we gave a very good performance. I made the trip with him down the Ohio and up the Mississippi to St. Paul. There I closed the season with him and jumped back to St. Louis. I accepted an engagement at Degal's Varieties as stage manager that winter.

The spring of '70 I joined the Great Eastern Circus Company, which started at Cincinnati, Ohio. It was then one of the largest circuses on the road. The proprietors were R. J. Miles, Anthony and Jack Height, and George W. Dehaven, manager. I then accepted a position as manager of their side-show. I did not go in the ring at all that season, but talked in front of the side-show. Nothing unusual happened but the regular routine of circus life that season. That winter I went back home to St. Louis and again became an employee of the Degal's Varieties.

In the spring of '71 I joined the Great Eastern Circus again. It was then one of the first two-ring circuses on the road. We toured the Eastern States and the Western States, arriving in St. Louis along in July. We had very tough opposition with the Barnum show, (P. T. Barnum's Circus), which was also a 2-ring circus and much bigger than the Great Eastern. But we arrived in St. Louis three weeks ahead of them, showing there two days, and then crossing the river back into Illinois. There was nothing unusual happened until we arrived at Danville, Illinois.

That day we had a hot air balloon ascension to attract the people to the show. It was heated by wood and anything that would make heat. There was a young man with the show, whom we called Denver. He would go up every day in a large basket, which was then quite a novelty. So on the day we arrived in Danville he was under the influence of drink and they would not let him go up. I was standing close by, when my old friend, Judd Webb, picked me up and threw me into the basket and hollowed, "Let 'er go!" And she did go. I was nearly scared to death, but I had often heard Denver tell how he would land and get away from the balloon before it would cover him over. I had also heard him speak about not to look down, but up, when she was rising. I can't say how high I did go, but it drifted three or four miles before it began to cool off and when it did

cool it came down very fast. When I thought we were close enough to the ground, which was a green corn field, I climbed out of the basket and dropped to the ground. If it had not been for the soft ground in the corn field it would have broken my legs. A farmer came out and made a great noise because we had destroyed his corn. I told him that the company would pay for it and to get his team and haul it into the town. He complied and the company paid for what damage they thought was right and he and his family went into the show, and that settled that trouble. That was my first, last, and only balloon ascension.

From there I went to St. Louis, after the season closed, and remained there all winter. I jumped to Cincinnati and opened with the Great American Racing Association. They had the largest spread of canvas that was ever put up in the United States at that time. They gave horse racing in nearly a quarter of a mile track and they had all of the performers work inside of the race track. They had a great many gymnastic and acrobatic acts, and track horses that worked inside of the race track. They also had a carriage which would bring the performers into their acts and then take them back to their dressing room. That outfit was too large and expensive and the company failed in six weeks.

I then jumped to Germantown, Ohio, and joined the Charles Bartine Wagon Show and remained with that show the balance of the season. Then I went to St. Louis to my home. While there, late in the fall, a circus came in there and went into winter quarters in the northern part of the city. About the first of December they had made arrangements with George Degal, of the Degal's Varieties, to run a winter circus. I secured an engagement there and remained with that circus all winter playing clown. When they opened in the spring I went with them and remained with that show during the season of '74. Nothing unusual happened outside of the usual circus life.

In the spring of '75 I went to Quincy and opened at the Highland Park Garden there, playing two weeks. One day while I was passing the court house I saw a deformed negro sitting on the steps with a tincup tied around his neck. I stopped and looked at him and came to the conclusion that he was a great curiosity. So I went over and sat down beside him. But now I will describe his appearance. He had hair as straight as an Indian's. His features were black as coal. His nose was flat to his face, the nostrils being scarcely visible, and he had very thick lips. He had on each wrist no fingers, but a thumb and fore finger, which were about four or five inches long. His feet were the same having only the big toe which was about five inches long, with a crooked nail bent down over the toe like a claw. He could not walk upright but crawled on all fours. I asked him how he would like to go into the show business. He said he did not know but he thought it would be all right. I told him that I would like to put him into the show business and I made arrangements with him then and there to take him

on the road with me. I was to pay him \$10 a week and board him.

So I got a baggage wagon and put him in it and took him down to a colored woman's house who I knew would take care of him. Then I went down to the levy where there was a little museum, which had been a vacant building. I saw the proprietor of the museum, who was Charles Donaldson, one of the greatest side-show talkers I ever hear stand up in front of a side-show. I told him what I had as a curiosity, and he laughed at me but said, "Curly, bring him down and let me see him." I did so and when he saw him he said, "By George! You have surely got a curiosity there." I said, "Yes, Charley, I have made a contract with him for one year and have stipulated the contract to him." I told him that we could put him in with the curiosities he had, a large snake, trained dogs, a couple of monkeys, trained geese, and a lot of birds. I told him that I would put the colored fellow in with him for 50-50 and we would fix him up in nice shape so as to attract attention. So he said he would do that.

So I fixed him up, had his hair cut until it was about four inches long. Then we got a suit for him so as to show his arms up to the elbow and his legs to the knees, fixing a platform to put him on. And as he liked a drink of whisky we gave him just what he wanted, but strange to say that when he took a drink of whisky, it seemed to inflame his eyes so that they were terribly bloodshot. I had his photograph taken and got cuts of him made for use in the newspapers and on hand bills. We also got a painter to make two banners for us.

After we had everything fixed so as to place him on exhibition, I said, "Charley, what are we going to call him?" He said, "I will get a spiel on him all right." He called him The Wild Aborigine. He stated that he was captured by a shipwrecked sailor on the Island of Madagascar and brought to this country. So he made quite a spiel about him which attracted considerable attention.

As he had a side-show tent 40 feet long and 20 feet wide, we used it in one-day stands and took in every town between Quincy and St. Paul, Minn. At St. Paul I became ill. I sold my curiosity to Charley Donaldson for \$200 and went back to Quincy to my home.

In the fall of 1876 my daughter Maimee's mother passed away. I then took Maimee up to Quincy to my mother. I went back to St. Louis and remained there until along in the fall. When one day I was standing by the courthouse where my brother kept his carriages: he had a small livery barn there, two carriages and several buggies. I was watching his carriage while he went to get something to eat. It was about 9 o'clock in the morning. While I was standing there a little boy came by with a little basket on his arm. I would not have paid any attention to him but I noticed he had the whooping cough and he stopped there and coughed terribly, leaning up against the stone wall of the courthouse.

I said to him, "Come over here. I want to talk to you." It flashed into my mind at once that if I could get a boy like this and put him in an act with Maimee I would have a pretty strong team. So I asked him what his name was. He said, "My name is Frank." I said, "Where do you live?" He said, "I live in Clabber Alley." I said, "Where is your mother?" "Oh", he said, "she is a cook in a little hotel over here." I said, "Who do you live with in Clabber Alley?" With my aunty," he replied. I said, "Who is your aunty?" He said, "Oh, she is a colored woman." So I said, "What have you got in your basket?" He raised the papers which covered the things in the basket. I saw that he had some cold potatoes, a large chunk of cold meat, half a loaf of bread and some other stuff. I said, "What are you going to do with this, kid?" He said, "I am going to give it to my aunty." I said, "Does she send you out to get this food?" He said, "Yes."

When my brother came over I said, "Dick, I am going to find out where this boy lives. A scheme just popped into my mind and I can make use of this boy." So I took his basket and we went down towards Clabber Alley. In passing a grocery store I dumped all of the stuff in the basket into a garbage can. He jumped and hollowed, and then began to cry. I told him not to cry, I would fill his basket full, which I did. I got all kinds of groceries that I could think of, and a poke of candy for him. We went into Clever Alley and he showed me where he lived. I went up to the door and a large colored woman came out. I could see by her actions that she was frightened. I asked her if this boy was staying with her. She said that his mother had given him to her to look after. I handed her the basket and said, "Here's a basket of food for you. I followed her into the house and asked her what his mother's name was. She told me it was Mrs. Mac Avoy, and that she was a cook at the Atlantid Hotel on Fourth Street, and that she was to pay her \$3 a week to take care of him but she had not paid her anything for three weeks.

I said no more to her, but went to the hotel and asked for Mrs. Mac Avoy. She came out and we went into the parlor. I asked her if that was her boy who was living with the colored woman. She said, "Yes, that is my son. I could not keep him any place and I didn't know what to do, so I got this colored woman to look after him." I said, "I would like to take your boy and give him a good home." I then told her just what I wanted to do with the boy, that I would take good care of him and put him in the circus when he got old enough to go into the act, and I would give him as much education as I could. I told her that I had a little daughter nine years old in Quincy, Illinois, and I would take him up to my mother there where he could stay and have a nice home.

She at once said that she would be very pleased if she could only get him a good home. So I said I would take them down to the four courts to Judge Berryan. She said that she could

not go down until 9 o'clock in the morning. I said, "All right, I will call for you at 9 o'clock."

I then went back to Clabber Alley and told the negro woman to take this boy into the huose, bathe and clean him up as I would call for him in about two hours, and that I was going to take him away. I said, "Don't be frightened now, I will pay what she owes you." His little feet were just as black as her face. Then I went down to the four courts and saw Judge Berryan, and explained just what I wanted to do. He told me to bring the mother and child down there at 9 o'clock the next morning. So I went back to the colored woman, got the boy and took him to a neighbor friend of ours. Then I went to the Famous Clothing Store, bought him a full suit of clothes from head to foot, dressed him up very nicely and then had his picture taken. He surely was a very fine looking little boy. The next morning I took him down to the Atlantic Hotel. My brother drove us down in his carriage. I called his mother. She came and when she saw her child, began to cry. She said she had never seen him look so sweet as he did then. I told her not to cry, that he would get a good home.

So we went down to the Judge at the four courts. He took her to his private office to question her. When he came out, he said, "William, it is all right. She will give the child to you." We then drew up a bond—not an adoption but a bond—that I should have the child until he was twenty-one years of age. I was to clothe, feed, take care of him in sickness and give him a proper education. Also that I should communicate with his mother every month, which I promised to do.

I took the boy and went to Quincy to my mother's home. I remained there part of that winter and all the next summer. I practiced every day with my daughter and this boy, a double trapeze act and singing. We got down a very fine act.

I took the children and went to St. Louis that fall and opened at Mitchell's Theater Comic at Pine Street for two weeks. From there I went to the Globe Theater on Sixth and Franklin Avenue. Then I went home to Quincy again and we remained there until the fall of '77. I then started to play theaters and opera houses. The spring of '78 we started out with a little circus and remained with that circus until late in the fall. Then I started to play opera houses again. I went to Fort Wayne, from there to Saginaw and there we stayed for four weeks. Then I went to Detroit and worked in Charley White's Variety Theater, which was an old church turned into a theater. Then I went to Pittsburgh, Pa., about the middle of March and opened there at John Trimbell's Varieties on Penn. Avenue.

We remained there two weeks, and on the second week the Whitney Family Bell Ringers, with hand bells and musical comedies, were showing at the opera house. The Trimbell's Varieties gave a matinee on Friday, and the bell ringers gave one on Saturday. But Friday afternoon at the matinee there were quite a few performers among the bell ringers who came back

on the stage to visit with some of our performers there. I was doing straight business in a black face negro act. Standing in the wing waiting for my cue to go on, there were three ladies standing there and my little girl came out of the dressing-room and said, "Papa, I want you to tie my sash." I said, "Keep still, Maimee, I am listening for my cue." There was a lady there and she tied her sash into a bow. When the act was over I came out and she was holding Maimee's hand. She said, "Papa, this is Mrs. Whitney of the Whitney Family Bell Ringers." She spoke to me and said, "You have got two nice children here. You do a great act with them. You must bring them over to see our matinee tomorrow." I told her I would. That night after our show was over I sent the children to the hotel, which was the Robinson Hotel, near the bridge. Then I went over to the opera house. I got there just as their show was about over. I went into the green room and waited until Mrs. Whitney came out. Then we went to a restaurant and had some lunch, which was the custom of all performers after the show. Then we went to the hotel, as the Whitney family were all staying at the same hotel. The next day we took the children and went to the matinee. After their matinee was over we went into the green room where she was and I could also return a compliment on her singing, as she was a very clever singer.

She asked me where the mother of the children was. I told her there was no mother, that I was mother and father both. I then said, "I want to buy the girl a dress. Will you go with me to some store and help pick some clothes for her?" She said, "I will be only too glad to go." So she did, and we bought the boy a suit of clothes also. Then we went to the hotel. That night after the show I went to the opera house and we went as usual for lunch, then to the hotel. By that time I had become very much infatuated with her.

The next morning, which was Sunday, she rapped on the door and called me. She said, "Mr. Quinett, can I take the children to Sunday School?" I said, "Yes." They were in a room adjoining mine, so I jumped up. She went in there and fixed them up and took them to Sunday School.

Just about 11 o'clock I was passing through the hall by the parlor door and she was sitting in there reading a book. I went in, took the book out of her hand and looked at the title, which impressed a memory on me all my life. It was *The Glenisaw*, a French novel. I sat down beside her and it didn't take me long to make up my mind. I said, "I have got two nice children here and I would like to get a mother for them. How would you like to be their mother?" She said that she had been married, that she had a little daughter, and that the father died when the child was very young. So then I told her about my own child and also of the boy. I said to her, "Mrs. Whitney, I know very little about you but what I have seen here. I am willing to take you for better or worse. You know how it is in show business, we are thrown in with all kinds of people, but I can trust you

if you can trust me." She said, "Mr. Quinett, I am willing to take a chance in this life and I am willing to marry you and we will then go to our home." The Whitney family had intended to close that night as Mr. Whitney was sick and they were going back to Detroit. I said, "There is no use going to your home as I have an engagement at the Variety Show in Wheeling, W. Va., for two weeks. What do you say we get married at once as I have to go there in the morning?" She consented, and I told Mr. Robins what was going to happen and asked him where I could get a minister or Justice of the Peace. He said he would go and get one. As they did not need a marriage license in Pennsylvania at that time, I told him to bring a marriage certificate. When the Justice of the Peace came they introduced him to me. His name was McGinty, which reminded me of a song I used to sing "When McGinty was Down at the Bottom of the Sea." So right then and there McGinty joined us together.

We went from there to Wheeling, W. Va. It had been raining and storming terribly that spring of 1878. While we were working in Wheeling the Ohio River began to rise very fast. It came up so rapidly that it raised up to the second-story window of the hotel we were in, which was near the wharf. We had to climb out of the window into a boat, which took us over to the mainland. We then went to Cincinnati, where we opened at Hick's Opera House. Then we joined the Charles Barten Circus at Fort Wayne, Indiana, and put in the entire summer with that circus. Closing there with that show, I came to Wooster, Ohio. That was the first time that I was ever in Wooster. We remained there at my wife's home for about five weeks. Then I jumped from there to Denver, Colorado, and opened at the Palace Theater there for two weeks. Then we went up to Golden City, a mining town, for about two weeks more. From there we went up to Leadville, Colorado, which is about 11,000 feet above sea level, to the Sirch & Cadder Theater.

The first night that we went on at that place, my wife went out and sang the first verse of her song, and playing the symphonies before the next song, she went out to sing, but could not open her mouth. The altitude was so high for her that she began to bleed at the nose and mouth. She staggered out into the wing and could not speak above a whisper. I sent for a doctor as quick as I could. He came, and said, "You must take her down to the lower altitude just as quick as you can." So I went to a livery barn and got a sleigh, as the snow was very heavy on the ground. I gave the driver \$50 to take her to Denver. I gave her \$200 and told her to go to Denver, and if she did not feel any better there, to go to Trinidad, Colorado, which was only about 2,000 feet above sea level. As I was to play there in three weeks, I closed our engagement in Leadville and went back to Denver, opening there for two weeks at the Bell Union Theater. From there we went to Trinidad to open at the Colorado Show. My wife was a great deal better. There was an old Mexican woman who was taking care of her. She fixed up

the medicine that brought her voice back. It was a terrible dose, as I will explain. She took a large Bermuda onion, baked it, squeezed the juice out of it, and put it in tincture of asafetida. She took that three and four times a day, letting it run slowly down her throat and dissolve. It brought her voice back and strengthened her vocal cords, but she never had the powerful voice that she had before she went to Leadville.

Then from Trinidad I organized a small company of eight people, including my family and three musicians, a piano player, violinist, and cornet player. We took the Construction Train, on what is now the Santa Fe railroad, and went over the Raton Mountains to Los Vigus. Los Vigus was a Mexican town about a mile from the railroad station, with a population of about 1,300 people, mostly Mexicans. There was a large warehouse there and I made arrangements with the owner to rent it for \$100 a month. I was to fix it up just as I wanted it to give exhibitions in, which I did. I put in scenery, fixed two or three boxes on each side of the room, and got seats made to seat about 200 people. We opened there at 50 cents and \$1.00 admission.

I had been there about six weeks when Sam Bell, the Deputy United States Marshall, came to me and said, "Pop, why can't we give a dance here after the show?" I said, "Nothing doing, Sam, I have my wife and children here and I don't want to give a dance." He said, what rent do you pay here?" I said, "One hundred dollars a month for the building." He said, "I will pay your rent if you will let me place a little bar across the corner, so that I can give a dance every night after the show. Your people can all go to the hotel." So I agreed to let him do that. The next night after the show was over, he unloaded two big stages full of women that he had brought from the old town. It was terrible; Mexicans and white women together. So the dance went on after the show.

One Saturday night about three weeks later I went out and was standing in front. The moon was shining bright; I could see the dust down the road and very soon I heard the clatter of horses' feet, and up came eight or nine cowboys on their horses. They all rounded up, threw the reins over their horses' heads so they would stand still, and began to go in where the dance was. Bell told them to lay their guns on the counter before he would let them go in. Several put their guns on the counter, but others got in without doing so. Al Arthur and I remained there until about 1 o'clock. My wife and all the other ladies of the show were at the hotel. The cowboys began to get wild. Those who had guns began to flash them and shoot the lights out. One of them got on the other fellow's shoulders and reached up to catch hold of the trapeze bar. Then the third man started to climb on them. The trapeze rigging broke loose and they all fell in a bunch on the floor. Then they commenced. They shot all the lights out, tore down the curtains I had on the boxes, and those women that were there broke out of the back way we had behind the wood piles, and they surely did wreck that place.

So the next morning, which was Sunday, I went down there and was sweeping out the place when a man rode up, jumped off his horse and spoke to me. He said, "Good morning. Is this the joint that the boys raided last night?" I said, "This is the place that they tore all to pieces." He went in and looked around, then came to me and said, "Don't get sore, old man, come on with me." So I went over to the freight office with him. He went up to the agent there and said, "George, give me \$50." The agent said, "All right," and pushed him over \$50. He handed it to me and said, "Here, old man, go fix your place up. We may be back next Saturday night."

I made up my mind then and there that he would not find me there. So the next week I saw the stage company and arranged with two stages to take my outfit and people over to Santa Fe, New Mexico. We had to carry a keg of water underneath the stage coach, as we could not get water on the road. It was over a hundred miles to Santa Fe. When I arrived there I found an old adobe building there which had no roof, nothing but the four walls. So I found out who owned it and made arrangements to fix it up to show in by getting a large tarpaulin to use as roof, covering it all over with brush. I got benches and boxes and fixed up seats for about 150 and opened there for \$1.00 admission.

The stage driver that came every day to Santa Fe would blow his bugle when he got to the town and everybody would rush over to the stage. One day about a week after I had left Los Vigus, I went over when the stage arrived. The driver happened to be the same that had brought us to Santa Fe. When he saw me he said, "Hello pop, did you hear the news?" I said, "No, what?" He said, "Do you know Sam Bell is dead? But don't you forget it, before Sam dropped he brought down seven of those cowboys. Right then I began to do some thinking. As it was coming spring I decided that we had all better jump out of that country. So I went back to Trinidad and opened at that place again for one week. Then I jumped from there to Dodge City, Kansas. Before I left Trinidad I made a contract with the manager of the Variety Theater in Dodge City. I stipulated in this contract that I would furnish him five different acts, but when the show was over and our part of it was done, that myself and family would go to the hotel and not remain in the building, also that we were to receive a salary of \$200 a week, payable on every Saturday night after our performance.

So we went to Dodge City, arriving there on a Sunday evening. I noticed that they gave a show performance and danced just the same as usual on Sunday evening. I had been informed before I went there that it was a pretty tough joint. That was why I made the contract I did. We opened there on a Monday evening and gave the entire performance, which took an hour and a half. Why it took so long was, that after we had given two or three acts they would then have an overture and then they would go to the bar to get refreshments, return to their

seats and then we would continue the show. After the show was over, they would take the seats, which were all pine, lift them up and put them on the stage. Then the floor would all be cleared for the dance which started at 11 o'clock. They had in connection with the bar two small boxes on each side built for the ladies to go in and drink beer with the customers, and also a wine room.

So after the night's performance was over, we started for the hotel and went through the bar. The woman behind the bar came out and said, "Wait a minute. What's the matter with your woman? All women working in this house are compelled to go into the wine room and on the dance floor." I said, "My wife is not very well and is not able to go on the dance floor. Besides our contract calls for us to go to the hotel right after the show." She said, "To hell with the contract. I am running this joint and every woman who works here shall go in the wine room and on the dance floor." There was no more said about that and we went home every night after the show.

Saturday night when we were through with the first week, I sent my wife and children to the hotel. I went up to the woman behind the bar and told her I would like to have my week's salary as my contract called for it on Saturday night. She then wrote me a check for \$200. I told her that I did not want the check but I would like to have the cash as I had to pay our hotel bill. I had made up my mind there and then that we would jump out of there on Sunday morning. So on Sunday morning I got up very early and went to the theater. I went in the back way, took my trapeze rigging down and boxed it up in its box, and our wardrobe trunks in the dressing room. We always packed them at night before we went to the hotel after every performance. I went over to the railroad station, which was only across the street. I got the truck and brought it over, got my trunks and trapeze bars out and took them to the baggage room. Then I went to the hotel, paid our bill, got my trunks out of the hotel and took them over to the station. The train for Kansas City was due there at 9:30. So we left the hotel, went to the station and waited for the train there. I got my baggage checked thru to Atchison, Kansas. Just as the train arrived and we were getting on I saw the big barkeeper running across the street, but we were on the train and it was moving. So I stood on the platform and shouted at him, "Goodbye to you and your joint."

So we went to Atchison and laid idle for one week there. Then we opened at the Globe Theater, a very nice little house and conducted by nice people. We put two weeks in very nicely. There were no dances or wine rooms.

From there we went to Topeka, Kansas, which is the capital of the state, opening at the Capital Theater, another very nice theater and run by a good, fine manager. From there we went to Kansas City, Missouri, opening there on a Monday at the Theater Comic, managed by Valentine Love. We remained there two weeks. From there we went to Chicago, Illinois, and

opened at the Hamlin Bros. Coliseum Theater. Then I put my trapeze rigging up. There was a long beam which went clear across from one side of the building to the other. I had to crawl out on this beam and draw my trapeze rigging up to me. It was about thirty feet from the floor. Just about four weeks before we came there, The Segrist Twin Sisters were doing an act something similar to ours. Their father, in climbing out on this beam to take down their rigging, slipped and fell to the floor and was killed. So to make myself safe going out on that beam, I tied a rope around my waist and also made it slack enough so that it could go around the beam. If I should fall off, it would slip up under my arms and hold me. So I got my trapeze rigging all fastened up in good shape. I then climbed down on the rigging and slid to the floor on the descension rope. We finished our engagement in Chicago and jumped to Fort Wayne, Indiana, and there we opened with the Charles Barteon & Earl Circus, a wagon show with no animals, only horses and a side show.

We played the season all through Ohio, part of Indiana, and Michigan, returning back to Ohio; all one day stands. Closing the season at Van Wert, I came home to Wooster, remained there about four weeks. Then I secured an engagement with a circus which was organizing in Cincinnati to go South by steamboat, so I went to Cincinnati with my family and joined that circus. The steamer we were on was named the Canary No. 2, a stern-wheel boat. The manager was George Height. We had nothing unusual until we arrived in Vicksburg, Miss.

We arrived there on Saturday morning. They owed all the performers and the rest of the company two weeks' salary. Mr. Marks and I went to the manager and told him that we would like to have our salary. He gave me one week's salary and Marks one week's, and told us not to let the other people know anything about it. After the night's show the working men of the show put an attachment on the company for their salary. There were such large credits against the show that it required a very large bond to release it, which they were unable to give. So that was the end of the boat show.

I then got a position in a summer garden in Vicksburg which I held for two weeks. Then I went to New Orleans, opening in the Theater Comic for two weeks, and from there I went to Galveston, Texas. Then we went to San Antonio, Texas, at the Variety Theater for four weeks. While I was there, just about the last week of our engagement about eleven o'clock one night, Billy Simms, the manager who had charge of the gambling house connected with the theater, was standing on the side street at the back door. I came in by him. He said, "Hello, pop." I said, "Billy, there are two guys up in the bar room and I think one of them is Ben Thompson of Austin." He said, "Is that so? Do you know Ben Thompson wrote me a letter and said that he was coming to San Antonio soon, and that he would kill me on sight?" So he left me and went in towards

the bar. I went into the partition between the auditorium. He walked up to the two men who were standing by the bar, as had recognized Ben Thompson. He took him by the arm and turned him around. He said, "I got your letter, Thompson, threatening to kill me on sight." Thompson turned and saw who it was. He jumped back and tried to pull his gun, but before he could get it out of his pocket, Simms shot him twice. He fell to the floor and died in a short time. They arrested Simms as a murderer. He had his trial and when he produced this letter from Thompson, it did not take very long for the jury to acquit him, as he shot in self-defense.

We went from San Antonio to Austin, Texas, opening at the Capital Theater, and there we remained for two weeks. From there we went to Galveston, Texas, for one week. From there we went back to New Orleans, playing at this time at the Apollo Theater. Then we went to Pensacola, Florida, and remained there two weeks. While there, my boy Frank got a sailboat and sailed out of the bay to the Gulf of Mexico to get sea-beans, which the shores were lined with after a storm. We gathered what sea-beans we wanted and got into our boat. I hoisted the sail and started out four miles across the bay. We got about a mile from Pensacola, when a porpoise that was diving up and down in the bay, came up right under our boat and threw it up in the air. As my boy could not swim, I grabbed the keel of the boat and the boy by the hair to hold his head up out of the water. There was a sailing vessel passing nearby and they saw what had happened. They sent a boat over, turned our skiff over and brought us back to Pensacola.

From there we went to Mobile, Alabama. There I met an old Civil War soldier who served in the Confederate Army, by the name of Harry McCarthy. He is the man who wrote the Bonny Blue Flag, which was a rebel flag. We went from there to New Orleans where we took the steamer Golden Crown and took passage to Cincinnati, Ohio. We were about six or eight days going to New Orleans as the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers were very high. My wife and family and two other lady performers gave several exhibitions on the boat during the trip, collecting enough money to pay our fare to Cincinnati.

Arriving in Cincinnati, I went to the Washington Park Hotel, as I had three weeks before the John Robinson's Circus opened, which I was engaged with for the season of 1881. While we were there, I went down to the barn where they were practicing and riding their horses, getting them in shape for the opening. I did what was called Rough Riding. The show opened about the 21st of April near Lincoln Park. That was the beginning of the John Robinson's first 2-ring circus. On the tour we went into Indiana, Ohio and the Eastern States. The latter part of May we showed in Wooster, Ohio, where our home was located. The lot we showed on was up near the present High school. There was nothing unusual happened with the show only the routine of circus life.

We arrived rather late in the season at Charlotte, N. C. There, the season before, our big elephant, Old Chief, killed his keeper, John King. The story that they told me about that was a terrible one. Old Chief was a very bad elephant, very hard to control. It was raining that night when they were putting the elephants in their cars. And as one corner of the run-board slipped off of the edge of the car, King went in between Old Chief and the car and lifted up the end of the run when Old Chief pushed up against him and mashed him almost flat. With his screams and cries, Old Chief roared terribly too. Old Mary raised her trunk and began to beat Old Chief with it, screaming. The uproar started all the animals in the cages to howling and roaring.

From there we played through South Carolina, coming back into Virginia along about the middle of November. We closed the season of '81 and went to Cincinnati, Ohio. I came home to Wooster, and remained here until I could ride out and secure my engagements for the winter of '81. We opened at Warn Boardwell's Theater at East Saginaw, Mich. From there we went to Chicago and opened there at the Globe Theater on State Street. From there we went to the Coliseum on Canal Street, and then we went to the Criterion Theater on the north side. From there we went to Cairo, Illinois, back to Evansville, from there to Terre Haute and played theaters and gardens all that winter.

The spring of '82 we jumped back to Cincinnati and opened with the old John Robinson's Circus for that season. We had old Dan Rice, one of the oldest and greatest clowns in his day in America. He did not go into the ring to play clown. He just had to step to the stage at every performance and identify himself to the public.

We started on our tour, which was to go to California. There was nothing unusual occurred on our way to California over the Union Pacific Railroad until we arrived in Rawlins, Wyoming. We stopped there to water and feed our stock and also got food for the cook house to feed our working people, as all performers were provided for by our dining car. The side-show talker, Bill Derricks, went over into a saloon while we were lying there and said that he took a large glass of cold water, which gave him a terrible cramp. He fell to the floor and they picked him up and brought him over to the sleeping car. We sent for the doctor who said that he had eight congestive chills. He lived but a short time. We continued on our route to San Francisco without anything unusual happening. Before we arrived in San Francisco, Mr. Robinson had sent his agents and they had a large Amphitheater which would seat about 500 people, the seats being folding chairs. We put our large tent over that, and with all of our blue seats and their own reserved seats, we could seat about 10,000 people. We remained in San Francisco one week, closing on a Saturday night.

Jumping from there to Livermor, California, we went on up

to Redding. While we were there, we exhibited on a Saturday, and we had as a concert attraction a large cannon, or mechanical device made in the shape of a cannon, with a very strong spring in it. We had a young lady who would dress in a leather suit, and they would place her in this cannon and fire her out so she would drop into a large net. So on that day she was sick and could not do her act. They sent over to the cook house for a young man to go over there. He came over and put on her suit and they got him into the cannon. It was the day for the clown, John Lolo, to make the announcement in regard to firing the young lady from the cannon. It was his place to set off the powder which we had fixed so as to make the people believe it was the powder that had blown her out of the cannon, and I at the same time held the spring in place. When Lolo instructed the boy he told him that he must make himself perfectly stiff with his feet against the spring, so that the force of the spring would throw him out into the air. But it seems that the boy did not make himself stiff enough for the force of this spring broke his spine and he died very shortly afterwards.

But before this accident happened, Archie Campbell, a great clown in his day, and whose father was a minister who had organized the Camelite Religion, had been sick and when we got to Redding he was in very bad shape. They called the doctor for him, and he told him that he could not live, that he had a complaint that would take him off. Archie swore and cursed the doctor and said he would not die, that it was not time for him to die, but he passed away. We buried him at Redding on Sunday. While we were standing there around his grave, a white dove flew down and lit on this boy's head (the boy who afterward went into the cannon.) The claws of the bird got tangled in his hair and it pulled some hairs out when it flew away. Every person thought that something bad was going to happen. The next day he went into the cannon and was killed. They sent his body back to his home in Cincinnati.

We toured the entire state of California, going down the Southern Pacific railroad, over the Great Desert, making a Sunday stand at Yuma, Arizona. From there we went on east, closing the season at Lawrenceburg, Indiana about the 25th of November. I came back home to Wooster and remained here all winter and sent the two children to school, which building is now the Memorial Hall. We practiced three times a week in old John France's Academy of Music on Liberty Street, which is now owned by Freedlander.

The spring of 1883 I went out and joined Sam Stickney's Circus, a small show without a menagerie. We remained with that show for about four weeks, when we closed with the show and joined the Cooper and Jackson Circus, a large wagon show with one elephant, two camels and eight cages of animals. The circus was owned by Cooper and Will Jackson, manager. I remained with the show that season. We had nothing unusual happen until we got to Columbus, Nebraska. We crossed the

Missouri River at Elk Point, Minnesota on a ferry boat controlled by wire, which was stretched across the river into Nebraska. We could not get the elephant to get aboard the boat, so the keeper said he would let him swim across, and would go with him. It was very dark and the current in the river was very swift, so the elephant drifted down with the river three or four miles from where the ferry was. His keeper, George Herman, lost him in the darkness. So he went ashore and waited until the show crossed over. The next day he took his pony and rode along the bank of the river to see where the elephant came out. He saw several places where he had tried to get out of the river, but had slipped back into the water. He found one place where the bank was very low, and the tracks of the elephant where he came out. The bottom land was about a mile wide from the river to the ridge. It was a terrible tangled forest of trees and bushes to get through. There was a corduroy road made from the landing to the bluff about one mile across this bottom to the ridge. Herman remained there at the landing for two days hunting all over the country there for that elephant. He gave it up and made arrangements with an old hunter and trapper to go through the forest and see if he could find him.

The show all got across the river by about noon Sunday. We went on to Cameron, the first stand after we crossed the river. It was just about one week after we crossed the river when we showed in Amazon, Nebraska. We put the menagerie up and arranged all the cages. While George Herman was standing out in front, a man rode up on horseback and asked for the manager. Herman said, "What can I do for you?" The man said, "Have you people lost an elephant?" Herman said, "Yes, we lost him when we swam the Missouri River." He said, "Last night about 12 o'clock I heard a terrible racket in my cow-shed. I went out to see what it was and there, lying in the cow-shed was an elephant. He was shivering with the cold, as it was a very chilly night. So I went and got straw and covered him over with it. So this morning after breakfast I went out and he was still lying under the straw. So I locked the door and came in here to see you people as I knew your show was to be here tomorrow." Herman said, "Yes, we lost our elephant. We swam across the Missouri River and he got away in the bottom lands. I will go out with you and we will get him." So Herman got his pony and went out with the farmer. He went into the cow-shed where Tom was lying covered with the straw, and cried, "Hello, Tom. Get up!" The elephant seemed to recognize his voice, for he jumped up immediately. When he saw Herman, he threw his trunk up and began to cry just like a baby. The tears rolled down out of his eyes. When Herman went up to him he shook the straw from his back, and rubbed his trunk all over Herman and seemed to be so pleased to see his people. When he saw Herman's white pony, he went over to him and rubbed his trunk all over the pony. Herman said to the farmer, "Now you come and go in town with me." The

elephant walked beside the pony. When he got in the town and saw the white tents, he was so anxious to get back that he broke into a trot. When he went to the menagerie top where the cages and other animals were, it seemed as if he was a very happy elephant. So Herman put a chain around his leg and drove a stake in the ground and fastened him. The next day we showed as usual, but we had the elephant act.

In one week from the time we arrived in Amazon, Nebraska, as the season was very late in October, Mr. Cooper had contracted to close the show. But we made the drive to Valley City, Nebraska, where we gave an exhibition on Saturday, and there we closed the season of 1883, the show going into winter quarters in the fair grounds. Everybody was paid off and went to their different homes.

My family and I jumped to Kansas City, Mo., and opened at Hank Clark's Coliseum Theater for two weeks. We did our specialties as usual, and as they had an Uncle Tom's Cabin show on, my wife played Eliza, and I played Harris. When the two weeks ended, we went to Chicago, Ill., opening in Hamilton's Grand Opera House in a spectacular play called "The Nade Queen." We had a scene banked in front of the stage so as to hide the net which we used in our act. I have never, in all the time that I was on the road with my family, given a performance in a circus or theater without putting up this net for protection. When the two weeks were up, we jumped from there to San Antonio, Texas, and opened in the New Fashion Theater. Billy Simms and Mack Samuels were the proprietors. I remained there all that winter as stage manager. My wife, children and I gave our performance the first two weeks after that. I sent the children to school that winter. I remained there and worked in acts given by a performer, whose name was Hugh Morgan. We put on these plays during the winter. We came north in the spring of '84, to Wooster. We remained here two weeks, then as I was engaged to open with the Cooper & Jackson Circus for the season of '84, we went to Valley Falls, Kansas, where we opened the season. When they were getting everything in shape to give the performance, the camels, elephants and all the stock had been running out all winter in a pasture, and when Herman went down to get old Tom, he had a terrible time to get him into this drive up into the barn. When they got him up, he refused to go in. They prodded him with pitch-forks and tried to force him into the barn, but as he had been off and on all winter, he did not want to go into the barn. So the manager, Cooper, told Herman to fix up some ropes and throw them over the limb of a large tree and make him squeal, for when you punish an elephant and he squeals, you have him conquered. So Herman fixed the ropes, the elephant stepped into them and they pulled them tight around his legs. The canvasman, getting hold of these ropes, threw them up over the limb of the tree. The men got hold of it and began to pull until they pulled his legs up so that he lay on his back; still he would not squeal or

give up. The manager built a little fire under his back, thinking that this would cause him to give up, but in his struggles to get away he ruptured a blood vessel and in one hour's time after they let him down, he was dead. That came near to bankrupting the show.

So they started out without the elephant, playing as usual, while William Jackson, the partner, went to New York to try to buy an elephant. We showed all through Kansas and the Indian Territory. While we were showing in Honeymill one afternoon, the City Marshall came to us about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and said, "Where's the manager?" Mr. Cooper said, "I am the manager." "He said, "Do you intend to give a night show?" Cooper said, "I think we will." He said, "I would advise you not to for there is a bunch of cowboys coming in from a ranch, and it would be dangerous for you to show tonight, as they may stampede your stock." So immediately after the afternoon performance we packed everything up and took the cages and wagons and made a corral. We put all the horses, elephant, camels and all the cages in this corral, as we had purchased an elephant by this time. Then the performers all went to their various boarding houses, as there was but one very small hotel there. My family and Tony Von Goffrey, who was a contortionist, rode in the wagon over the road. We went to a private home to remain that night until we pulled out for Caldwell, Kansas. Just before dusk some cowboys arrived. Getting off their horses the first thing they all did was to go into a saloon and started drinking. The marshall got into a scrape with one of them, who pulled his gun on him. So the marshall shot him in the leg, then ran out in the middle of the street with his six-shooter. They all rushed out after him, but he stood his ground and told them that if they did not get out of town quickly, as the circus was not to give an exhibition that night, he would cause them a great deal of trouble. So they mounted their horses and rode away like a band of Indians around the circus, shooting off their guns and making a terrible noise. Then they left the town. We then pulled out for Caldwell, the next stand.

Going on north out of Kansas, we came to Columbus, Nebraska. When we arrived there, which was on a Saturday, the marshall there told us that there was a very bad gang of men, who lived in the "bottoms", and had always caused trouble with every show that came there. There were four brothers and others. So that night I was playing clown. I was doing what they called "The Lone Fisherman". I would get my fishing pole, my can, which looked like I had worms in it, and my little basket to put the fish in. I would always start from the dressing room and go outside around the big tent and come in the front door. While there was an aerial act on I had full possession of the ring below. But before my act came on, I always went and buried a stuffed fish. It was a fac-simile of a fish, with a little loop fixed in its mouth, and on my fishing line I had a hook made from a harness sand so that it would not come loose.

As I was going in the front door to do this act, there were four or five men around the ticket wagon. They pulled the pole, or tongue, of the ticket wagon, out from underneath it and were placing it where it belonged. That attracted my attention. I thought, "What are they going to do with the ticket wagon?" It was never moved from the lot until everything else went with it. So I walked over to one of these men and said, "Where are you going with the ticket wagon?" He pushed me over, but never spoke. I saw at once that it was not any of our men. So I ran to the entrance of the big top and gave the war cry, which is given whenever any circus gets into trouble, which was "Hey, Rube!" I shouted three times just as loud as I could. It was three minutes before the canvas men came running around, with stakes and anything they could get, because they know when there is trouble.

While I was shouting, they had grabbed the wagon and started to run after it. Just as they got to the wagon they stopped it and ran to the fence to get over into a field. But the show people were so close onto them that they began to club them as they got to the fence, breaking one man's arm. No one could tell who did it, but one was killed. It was not one of the brothers, but another man.

When the show was over, we went up to the hotel. Mr. Jackson and Mr. Cooper went to the city officials and explained the matter to them, just what they were doing. They came to me and asked me about it. I told them that I was the one who called for help as they were running away with the ticket wagon. The mayor of the town said that they were a very bad gang, but it was too bad that Bob was killed. After the scrap was over, we discovered that two of the canvas men had been stabbed with a butcher knife, one in his left side and the other in the right side, but the doctor said neither of them was seriously hurt. Mr. Cooper gave the doctor \$200 and told him to take care of them, pay the hotel bill, and let him know and he would send money for their transportation to the show.

That brought the season up to the first of September, and then my wife took sick. I closed with the show and went to Chicago, Ill. We remained in Chicago at a hotel for a couple of weeks until she was able to get out. We opened at John Long's Theater on State Street. Then we joined the Harris Circus, which was around the different lots in Chicago, and finished the circus season of 1884.

We came home to Wooster and remained there for two weeks. From there I went to Cairo, Illinois, then to Memphis, Tenn., and from there to New Orleans, opening at Eugene Robinson's Museum on Canal Street as stage manager. I remained there all that winter. From there we went back to Cairo for one week. Then we jumped to Chicago and opened the season of '85 with W. H. Harris Nickel Plate Circus. We showed through the state of Michigan, then went to Canada and showed the entire Dominion of Canada that season. We arrived at Pic-

tue, Nova Scotia, showing there on Saturday. On Sunday, my daughter, Maimee, was married to Samuel Harris of the Nickel Plate Circus. There we left the cars, took a steamer and went to Prince Edward Island, showing there two days. Then we went from there through the canal up to the Sydney Islands, showing at North and South Sydney. From there we went on to the Steamer St. John to New Foundland, and on to the French Islands, showing in a French settlement there. We came back to Halifax, took our show cars, and went over the new Canadian Northern Railroad, making one of the longest jumps over that road before it was thoroughly balanced and made safe, a run of 350 miles. Then we toured the whole of Central and Western Canada, closing the season at St. Paul. From there I went to Quincy, Illinois, to my mother's home. My daughter and her husband remained in St. Paul. I built a new house for my mother there. I got a letter from my daughter saying that they were coming to visit us, which pleased me very much.

When they came, we all made up our minds to go south. So we all went to San Antonio, Texas. Billy Simms, the manager of the Fashion Theater, who was a very close friend of mine, said, "Pop, I want you to take your old position as stage manager for the winter," and I accepted. So we all remained there for the winter.

My daughter Maimee worked with us as usual at San Antonio several times, and also when we jumped back to Dallas, Texas, on our way north, where we stayed with my boy and wife two weeks. Then I went back to Quincy, Illinois. There I came across a little dwarf, who was only about fourteen or fifteen years old, and was only three feet high, with a very feminine looking face not disfigured in any way as dwarfs usually are. I met him on the street one day and asked him if he wouldn't like to go into the show business. He told me that he was stopping with his half-brother. His name was Willy Haley. So I made a contract with him and his brother to take him on the road with me the next spring. I was to pay him \$10 a week and board and clothe him for one year.

My wife made some girl's clothes for him and fixed him up in them to see how he would look as a girl. He had light curly hair, and when he was fully made up he was a very nice looking little girl. I remained there that winter and practiced with him nearly all winter until I got down a very nice act, using him in the place of my daughter as a girl.

We went from Quincy to Wooster, Ohio, and remained there about ten days. Then I went to Geneva, Ohio and joined the Walter L. Main Circus, a wagon show which started out from that town. I was an equestrian director, and my family, as usual, did all of their specialties, I playing clown for the show. We drove, and made every day stands from Geneva over the Allegheny mountains, by way of Snowshoe to Bangor, Maine, and back again, showing all the way to Apollo, Pa., and from there I closed with the show because the little dwarf had become so

tough that I could not control him. I then settled with him, bought him a new suit of clothes, and sent him home to Quincy. That ended the season of 1887.

We went home to Wooster and my wife, Frank and myself, then jumped from there to Dallas, Texas. I took the stage management of the Central Theater, owned by John Thompson. We jumped down to Dallas, Texas, as William Nemire, who was manager of the theater, had got into trouble with the city authorities by allowing minors into his Variety Theater. So I then made arrangements with Nemire to take his lease off his hands until the spring. I paid him \$300 a month for the use of his theater and his boarding-house, where he boarded all of the people who were employed in the theater.

I then went to the mayor, Budd O'Connor, whom I knew very well. I said, "Budd, I am about to take that lease of five months off of Nemire's contract and open the Central Theater." He said, "Well, William, if you promise me that you will conduct that house properly and not allow minors in, I will have no objections whatever." I said, "I shall run this house as it has always been run, by selling the beer and drinks in the wine-room and the boxes, but I shall not allow minors in if I know that they are minors." He said, "Well, you arrange with Nemire and go at it. I will give you permission."

So I then opened the bar, which was facing the street. I then went to St. Louis, Mo., and saw my great friend there, Charley Fry, who was stage manager at the Apollo Theater. I said, "Charley, I have leased the Central Theater in Dallas and I want to get women to go there to open up." He said, "How many do you want, pop?" I said, "About fifty women." He said, "Well, I think I can get them for you." I said, "Well, get the best looking ones you can and those who are not too tough." So I remained there during that week. I secured forty girls who were all very nice looking. Some of them had been on the road at different times with companies.

I bought fifty red, white and blue parasols. I also bought red, white and blue cloth to make zouave suits out of. Loading my girls into a sleeping car, I took them all to Dallas. Among them was one Tilly Russell, who was a very fine looking woman, beautifully formed, and seemed to be a perfect lady. I gave her absolute control and charge of all of the girls that I had brought down, and told her that I wanted her to drill them that day in a few figures in the manual of arms. My wife took the goods I had bought to make the uniforms, and had a uniform made for every one of those girls, a regular zouave suit, with a tassel cap on their heads. They surely made a nice appearance when they were all in line.

The week before the great Dallas State Fair was to open, I got in shape to open up the theater on a Saturday night. So Saturday morning I got my orchestra and band, who all had zouave suits. Then I went to the livery barn and hired a beautiful white horse and a very high wheeled buggy. I then started

a parade at 10 o'clock Saturday morning with all my women in their uniforms, and the band. We paraded up and down the business streets of Dallas. We surely created considerable excitement. I opened the theater that night for the performance at 50 and 75 cents admission. 50 cents downstairs and 75 cents in the gallery. We turned at least 150 people away that night. I had two policemen, one on each side of the entrance, watching for minors.

The spring of 1886 after I had gotten the little dwarf and we had fixed him up as a girl to work with my boy, Frank, we then joined the Ringling Bros. Circus at Baraboo, Wis. It was an overland show, having no menagerie, just a little one-ring circus and side-show. I was to play clown and was the only clown with the show. My wife sang in the concert and took tickets on the reserved seats. My boy Frank and the little dwarf did a trapeze act. Frank and I went in tumbling and also in the concert.

Albert Ringling and I put on the old Genery act with the kicking mule and the pony. Al played ring-master for me. He could hardly crack a whip and cut me three or four times. We had only one riding act. That was old Charley Cavella who had a different character act. It was one of the hardest acts that I ever clowned in my life. I had to keep talking while he was riding the horse around the ring, and explain the different acts he would do on his horse to the audience. We put on the old act of Pete Jinks, an act called Doctor Spivens, and an act called the Returned Sailor. Those were the characters which he represented while riding the horse around the ring.

There were five of the Ringling brothers there. There was Albert, the oldest one, and Charley, Alfred, Otto and John. We toured the state of Iowa, part of Nebraska, and part of Minnesota. John McCullough, who was the boss of the horses and drove the band wagon over the road, was at one time a resident of Wooster, Ohio. That season the Ringling Brothers were struggling very hard, as it was the beginning of their circus career by wagon show. They all played in the band as they were all musicians. In going over the road, my family and I rode in the wagon with Al Ringling and wife. We ended the season about the first of October, I closing and going to my mother's home in Quincy. We remained in Quincy nearly all of that winter, the season of 1888. Then I sent my wife back to Wooster and I secured an engagement with the Dan Shelby Golden Circus and Menagerie. I joined that show at Newton, Iowa. I went on there to play clown for the show.

When I arrived there Mr. Shelby came to me and said, "Pop, I don't want you to go in the ring with the show. I have got two partners with me in this show and I want you as my special representative. You are Dan Shelby with this show in all matters, as you are Assistant Manager of the show and represent Dan Shelby at all times." We had a train of about 18 cars. We had four elephants and about sixty head of stock.

It was a two-ring circus with a platform between the two rings. I stayed with that show until we got to Richmond, Virginia, from which place we intended to go south and tour the southern states. But when we arrived in Richmond, we gave two days exhibition there, Friday and Saturday of that week. Mr. Shelby got a dispatch from the General Agent in charge of the advance, Dan Vernon, stating that the bill car was quarantined in Bristol, Tenn., on account of the yellow fever. When Mr. Shelby brought that dispatch to me, he said, "Pop, what will we do about this?" I said, "It is rather late in the season, Dan, and if I were you, I would close this show here and ship it to Chicago."

So while we were showing there those two days, there were a few canvasmen and some of the performers, one of them particularly, who ran an attachment against the show for two week's back salary always kept back according to custom. The news had got out in some way that the bill car had been quarantined in Bristol, Tenn. So this performer, who was a lady rider, in getting out this attachment frightened all the people who were with the show, who thought they would not get their salary. So on Saturday night after the show was packed up, I went to the boss canvassman and told him that I had made arrangements to have everything in the show stored in a large warehouse. Also I had a barn for all the stock and elephants, and a building in which to place the menagerie. I told him not to tell any person about it until he had gotten the stuff down into those buildings. He hustled up and got everything packed up. Then I went to the boss hostler, explained the conditions to him and told him to put all the stock in the barn. I told the elephant keeper to put all the elephants and menagerie in the building, also. I said, "You will get every dollar of the money that is coming to you, now take my word for it, so don't be frightened about anything." They all seemed to be perfectly satisfied, as it was nearly the end of a regular season anyway.

So after I had got everything stored and put away in good shape, Dan then had a receiver appointed to take the show and look after it for the winter, and then he would advertise it for sale, as he said he had enough of the circus business, and after the sale everybody would be paid in full. So the receiver set an appointed time for the sale, which was to be some time in December. Dan Shelby then came to me and said, "William, I have got a scheme for the winter." I said, "All right, Dan, whatever it is I am with you." He said, "This stuff will be disposed of this winter and my wife and I are going to Chicago." I said, "Well, Dan, don't worry a bit about what you owe me. I know that you are as good as gold." So I then came home to Wooster. I was not long there before I received a letter from Dan Shelby stating that he had leased the New Star Theater in Buffalo, New York, a very beautiful theater owned by Levi, a Jew. He leased that house for one year with the understanding that he could renew his lease at the end of the year for five

years. He paid \$15,000 a year rent. As he had told me to come to come to Chicago, I did so, going to his home and remaining there a week. He explained his contract of the lease and told me that he wanted me to go there and take charge of the advertising department, and I agreed. We had very strong opposition in Buffalo, as there was the Academy of Music, owned by Meech Bros., the Court Street Theater, the Adelpha Theater, and Shay's Variety Theater. I surely had strong opposition for advertising. When the season was about to end, along about the first of June, Dan Shelby then wanted to renew his lease for five years. The Jew then told him that he could not re-lease that house unless he would pay \$18,000 a year. Shelby told him he would not pay it. The Meech Bros. took the theater and paid the \$18,000. Dan Shelby and wife then went back to his home in Chicago.

I went to my home in Wooster, Ohio, and remained there a short time when I received a letter from Dan Shelby, asking me to come to Chicago. I went there to his home and remained there two or three weeks. He said to me, "Pop, how would you like to go to Colorado and look after my interest in a gold mine out there?" I thought that he was joking with me, so I said, "Dan, I know as much about the workings of a gold mine as a baby. Do you mean that?" He said, "Didn't you know that I was interested in a gold mine in Colorado?" I said, "Well, Dan, you had better get an experienced engineer and place him out there in charge of your interest." So in a day or two after that he came to me and said, "Pop, I have been talking to the manager of the Academy of Music and I told him about you. He said, 'Tell him to come and see me. He will be just the man I want.'" So I went and saw him, Mr. Charles White, and made a contract with him to look after the advertising department of The Academy of Music. But I was only there about three months when a new manager took charge of the house and that let me out. I then came home to Wooster, Ohio.

This is the story of my boy Frank after he left me in the spring of '88 at Dallas, Texas. He remained in Dallas for a short time, then he went to New Orleans and joined a circus that was going to South America. He was to play clown and go in tumbling and leaps. They arrived in Brazil and opened there for four weeks. They traveled about the country and as the season was very wet, the show went broke in about eight weeks and the proprietor and manager lost a large amount of money to take the show out. The performers and musicians and everyone that they took from the United States was left dead broke. Frank got the swamp fever, which prevails in that country, very bad. He went to the hotel and got in debt for his board and lodging. The laws of that country at that time were that any person getting into another's debt, and not being able to pay for it, would have to work it out at just what value they would put on his service. He remained there just as a slave for four years, as he could not get any money ahead to get away.

He remained there until the spring of 1893. One day he saw an American ship coming into the harbor, flying the American flag. It laid about a half a mile out from the land. It stayed there three days, loading on bananas and all kinds of fruit, birds, monkeys and everything of that kind that they could get in that country.

Just about the time they were ready to sail, he met one of the sailors on shore and asked him when they were going to sail. He told him that they were going to sail that night or early the next morning. After dark he went down to the shore and dived into the ocean and swam out to the ship. He grabbed hold of a rope there and shouted "Hello!" two or three times. A sailor came to the side of the ship and seeing him hanging on it, got a rope ladder, threw it over the side of the ship, and Frank climbed aboard. He asked the man where the captain was. He said, "He is in his cabin. I will take you to him." So he went in and saw the captain and told him his story about being left broke there with the circus, and that he wanted to get to the United States, that he was willing to work his way over if he could. The captain was an Englishman. He said, "All right, my boy, I'll take you to New Orleans, but you took a great chance in swimming out to this ship. Do you know that this water here is filled with sharks?" Frank said, "I know that, but I would rather be eaten by a shark than be a slave here."

When they arrived in New Orleans he helped the crew unload the ship. The captain gave him ten dollars. He then secured a position in Cypress Swamps, La., where the railroad company was getting out ties, as cook for the laborers there. As he had not gotten over the fever that he had contracted in South America, he found that he could not stand it to work in the swamps there. He stayed long enough to get money to pay his fare to Dallas, Texas. He knew that when he got to Dallas he had a great many good friends there. He was there about four or five days when he got hold of a *Billboard*, and looking over it, he saw my ad in it for performers and musicians and circus people. He made up his mind that he would come to St. Louis. He had only three or four dollars.

He went down to the freight yard and saw a car marked "Destination St. Louis." He got into that car where the window was open at the end. It was partly filled with cotton-seed oil and oil cake, but there was room enough for him to ride down between the doors. When they were about half way up to St. Louis, two tramps climbed into the car. When they stopped at a small town the next morning, he wanted to be a good fellow so he got out and bought something to eat. When he came back to the car they thought he must have money, so they held him up, took his shoes, pants, coat and his suitcase with all his best clothes and threw their rags at him. They got out at the first water tank. When he arrived in St. Louis he watched his chance to get out of the car without letting the yard policemen see him. He kept to the back streets. As he had lost the piece of adver-

tisement out of the Billboard he could not tell where he was, but he remembered Mullins Barn. He got over to Franklin Avenue and met a man there whom he asked where Mullins Barn was. He told him it was out on 25th and Jefferson Avenue. He walked up and down that street nearly all day. At last he went into a livery barn and asked for Mullins Barn. He said, "Is Mr. Quinett here?" They said, "No, he is up at his home, but he will be down here very soon." Mullin said to him, "What do you want?" He said, "He is my father." Mullin and all the others in his office gave him the laugh when they saw what condition he was in, because I had always bragged about what a good boy and a fine young man he was. One of the men said, "Take him over to Pop's home."

Just as they were turning the corner of Jefferson and Franklin Avenue I met them, as I was going down to the barn about 7 o'clock in the evening. The party who was with him said, "Pop, this young man says he knows you." I said, "Well maybe he does. What can I do for you?" I noticed that his lip began to tremble and he said, "Why Papa, don't you know me?" I then said, "Who are you?" With tears in his eyes, he said, "I am Frank." I said, "Well, you are a holy sight. He said, "Where's mother?" I said, "You go to that gate there and go up the first flight of stairs and you will find your mother, and grandmother from Quincy." He broke away from me very quick, knowing that he was safe when he got to his mother. I went down to the barn and got my mail and returned home about 10 o'clock that night. When I arrived in the room, my mother came up to me and placed her hands on my shoulder, and said, "Now Will, I don't want you to be hard on Frank, and listen to his story." I said, "Yes, a bum like him always has an alibi." My wife came in and said, "Papa, I fixed the davenport for Frank and he is asleep. Don't awaken him."

So in the morning about half past five I heard him get up and tip-toe out of the room. I said to my wife, "There, Emma, he has gone downstairs to get a drink. I think he is a regular bum." He did not come back for breakfast nor dinner, but came home that evening about 7 o'clock. His face was covered with soot, and his clothes all over with plaster. His grandmother went up to him and said, "Frank, where have you been all day?" He said, "Grandma, when I got up this morning I went down to the saloon and got the early morning paper and looked to see if I could not get a job. The St. Louis Wrecking Co. had an ad in for eight men to tear down an old building on the corner of Biddel and 7th Street. I went down and there were four or five men waiting when I got there, but I was lucky enough to get a job at \$2.50 a day. I worked there all day." His mother said, "Frank, did you have any breakfast?" He said, "No, mother." She said, "Did you have any dinner?" He said, "No, mother. One of the men was eating his dinner and he gave me a sandwich." "Was that all you had, and you worked all day?" his mother asked. He said, "Yes, that was all." So she said "Go

wash and clean yourself up and I will get your supper." He did so and after he had his supper he came into the room where I was and said, "Now, pop, I want to tell you my story." I said, "Well, you have got a pretty good one." He then told me the story that I have just told you here. After I had heard his story I said, "Frank, do you think you could tumble and play clown as good as you used to?" He said, "Pop, I think with a little practice I can come back all right." I said, well, my boy, if you can make good with me this summer I will give you a position and pay you \$25 a week and all expenses."

The next morning I took him downtown and went into a clothing house and told them to fix him up from top to toe, which they did. I said, "Now, Frank, I want you to go out to the barn and I will meet you after while. I want you to practice and put yourself in shape for the summer season for I have got every dollar I own in the world into this outfit, and I want you to look after my interest just as much as you possibly can. I will place you in charge of the dressing room, also as equestrian director."

He proved to me that he was made of the right stuff. He took a great interest in everything that he could around that show to help me out. We finished the season in St. Louis, and I paid all salaries in full. As he wanted to remain there with Mr. Mullin that winter, I came home to Wooster. That is the end of my boy's story.

The spring of '89 I made a contract with a man by the name of Charles Miller of the Miller Bros. Circus, which they intended to open at Beaver Falls, Wisconsin. I was to play clown for that show. They had a very large advertisement in The New York Clipper for performers of all kinds, stating that it was a very large railroad show and menagerie. So when I got to Beaver Falls I saw a great many other people who had come there to join the show. Among them was Pete Conklin, who was one of the most popular clowns in his time. Also George Richard, and several other performers whom I did not know. I went to Charles Miller and asked him where his outfit was. He took me down to a barn and showed me a pile of canvas, a lot of seats and some other circus property. I said, "Well, where's the horses?" He said, "Oh, they are out on a farm. They will be here in time when we are ready to open." I said, "Where are all your wagons and your animals?" He said, "They will all be here in time to open." So I then began to smell a mouse. So I went to Pete Conklin and George Richards. I told them that I had been investigating this Miller Bros. proposition and inquired from business men of their financial condition. They told me that they did not have very much of anything, but had a party who had seventy-five head of horses they had been using on grading for a new Railroad, and the Miller Brothers had made an agreement with them to furnish the horses to haul his show over the road. Then I said to this party, "It is not a railroad show?" This business man told me that as far

as he knew they intended to travel by wagons. So I told Pete Conklin and he jumped out the next morning for New York. I went to George Richard and told him the same thing. He said, "Well, pop, it took every dollar I had to come here, so I guess I will have to stay here and see what will become of this outfit." So I then went to Charley Miller and told him that I had got a dispatch from my wife that she was very sick and that I had to go home at once.

That night I packed my grip and trunk and took a train for Chicago, from there to Wooster, Ohio. When I arrived home in Wooster I heard of a Wild West Show, which had started out of Cleveland, Ohio, and closed after being out three weeks, and was called back to Cleveland. It was owned by Judge Harrison Ewing. So I then went up to Cleveland and called on Judge Ewing and told him that I understood that he had a complete wild west and circus outfit here for sale. He said that he had the outfit stored away. He then told me that he had put his son out with a wild west show, as he had been on a ranch in the southwest for four years and was quite a cowboy and bronco buster. He had brought to Cleveland two car loads of Bronco Wild West horses and they organized this wild west show. He took it out on the road but the show was too large and expensive for the amount of business that it was doing. So he had it brought back to Cleveland and intended to store it away and sell it. I told him that I thought we could take this outfit and play the lots around Cleveland the whole summer and make some money out of it.

He said that he would call his son in the next day and we would then see what we could do. So the next day I went to his office and his son was there. We held a conference and I came to the conclusion that we could put the show out. I told them that I would take charge of the dressing room department and His son was to take charge of all the wild west department and hire all of his wild west people. I would take charge of the department I was speaking about under a salary. I told him he could place any one he wanted in charge of the ticket office, front door, and all the finances with the show. He asked me how I expected to get the show from one lot to another. I told him I could arrange that with some transfer company, as we would make two day, three day and week stands. All the performers and musicians would board where they pleased, as I should engage them under the condition that they were to board themselves.

We opened early in June out by the workhouse on a large lot there and played two days. Then we continued to play all the lots we could get onto around Cleveland, ending the season about the first of October as it got so chilly that we could not stand it any longer. We paid off everybody that was employed, and the show, according to Judge Ewing, had made quite a lot of money. He was perfectly satisfied. Our admission was fifteen and twenty-five cents, and twenty-five cents for reserved seats. So I closed the season there with him and then came back

to Wooster. The season of 1890 I jumped to the Gallmar Brothers Circus, a large wagon show with a menagerie. I was the contracting agent. I had a very fine team of horses and buggy. I went twelve days ahead of the show. They opened their season at Baraboo, Wisconsin, the last week in April. I remained with that show the rest of the season and then went to my home in Wooster. I remained there three weeks, and then I went to St. Louis, Mo.

There I secured an engagement with the Walton Express Co. as manager of all delivery wagons and remained there that winter. On about the first of March I joined the Missouri Lodge No. 2 Knights of Pythias, and then went to New Orleans to join the French & Monroe Circus, a 20 car circus, Lee French manager. I was to play clown, and my wife to sing in the concert, ride in the parade and take tickets at the reserved seat department. We opened for a two day stand. The Saturday before we opened, we made a parade which started at 11 o'clock A. M. My wife and I were on the lot early in the morning. I was in the dressing room, and thinking she was in the ladies' dressing room, I called her. She did not answer. I looked into the ladies' dressing room and she was not there. I then started out through the big top. When I started to go into the menagerie top, John Davenport, the ring master, called me, and said, "Well, pop, why can't we run over some of that stuff?" I said, "John, you and I have worked together often enough. You know all my stuff", and started to go into the menagerie when Lee French stopped me. He said, "Pop, look here." I stopped and said, "Well, Lee, what is it?" He started to ask me about things I knew nothing about. As I thought afterwards, it was simply to detain me from going into the menagerie.

I went in the menagerie and saw a crowd standing around the large lion den. I thought that something had happened to Harry Reed, who had charge of the menagerie department. I pushed up into the crowd and was so astonished at what I saw that I could not speak for a few moments. For there I saw my wife sitting on a stool in the lion cage. When she saw me she had the sickliest looking smile I ever saw. I said, "Emma, what in the world are you doing in there?" She did not answer me. Lee French took me by the arm and pulled me back out of the crowd. He said, "Now, pop, it is all right. She is safe in there, as Harry is standing right there by the cage." I said, "Well, what was the idea of getting her to go in there?" He said, "We will have our parade at 11 o'clock this morning. We will have a great joke on Sig Frantie, who runs the Iron Palace Theater in New Orleans, as he had told me at the Elks Lodge that he would ride in the parade if we gave a benefit Saturday evening for the Elks. I then made arrangements with all the people to give a dress rehearsal to-night for the benefit of the New Orleans Lodge of Elks." He said, "Pop, if you will let her go into the cage and ride in the parade, I will furnish her a nice wardrobe and give her \$15 for herself." I said, "Well, Lee,

you will furnish her a wardrobe, but I may have to furnish her a funeral. He said, "She will be all right, pop." I said, "Lee, if she wants to ride in that cage in the parade today, it is up to her." So when she came out of the cage Lee and I went up to her and she said that she would ride in that cage, because she knew she would not be harmed, and the first fright of going in there was all past.

So when the parade started, she got into the cage and Harry Reed gave her a whip with a handle heavily loaded with lead, and told her that if the big fellow got fresh with her to smash him in the head with it. He was to ride beside the cage in the parade. There were three lions in the cage, two male lions and one female. The cage was partitioned off at one end, leaving a space about three feet wide. When my wife got in, Reed made the female lion go up into that end of the cage and closed the partition away from the other lions. He did that, he told me, because she was a very dangerous animal and that he would not trust her in the cage with the other lions.

He took a strap and strapped the stool that my wife was to sit on to the bars of the cage, and we made that parade, starting about 11 o'clock and getting back to the lot about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. We covered most of the streets in New Orleans, Canal Street with its cobbled stones was a terrible street for her to go over in a cage of lions. The two big lions would walk up and down in front of her, and the largest one stopped just before we started. He went up to her and smelled of her knees. Then he sat down, looked up at her and then he raised his paw and began to play with her like a dog would, by patting her on the knee. He was very careful and would not strike hard for the first two or three times, and then he began to get fresh and struck her very hard. Reed said, "The next time he does that, you smash him right between the eyes just as hard as you can strike." So the next time he struck at her that way, she hit him right between the eyes and knocked him back against the bars of the cage. He got up and shook his head from side to side and stood looking at her. Then he began to walk back and forth in the cage. He never troubled her any more during the rest of the parade.

When we arrived back on the lot, Lee French came to me and said, "Pop, I would like to have her go in the cage to-night in the concert. I said, "Lee, let's go into the dressing room and see what she says." So we went into the dressing room and called her out. I said, "Emma, Mr. French wants you to go into that cage in the concert and he will cut you out of the singing in the concert." Lee spoke up and said, "Mrs. Quinett, if you will go in that cage every afternoon and night the balance of the season, I will pay you \$15 a week extra." She told him she would do so if Harry Reed would always be close to the cage. So Harry Reed came in and said, "Will she work those lions to-night? I will give her the whip and she can stoop over and make them jump over her back and through a hoop, set up, and jump

over one another. I will hand you a pan with meat in it, but it will be all cut up fine so there will be no bones in it, whatever, and you can feed it to those lions just as you feed peanuts to a monkey. I will always be by the cage for a while, until they get used to you, and give them the cue."

So that night she went into the cage, and she had more nerve than I ever thought a woman could have, going into a lion's den and doing what she did that night. There was nothing for her to sit on in there, as she did not want anything in her way. They fastened the female lion in the end of the cage by herself. As that was the closing act of the concert, they made the announcement about the lady going into the lions' den and feeding them raw meat and performing with them. She went into that den that night, and she had those lions perfectly under control in a few moments. She made them jump over one another like you see dogs jump over one another. She made them both sit up like dogs would. She also made them jump through the hoop two or three times each way. Then she took the pan of meat that he had pushed into the cage and she gave each one a small piece at a time. They both stood on each side of her just as if they were asking for more. After she had given them all the meat in the pan, she then reached over and patted them both on the head and smoothed their hair. They licked her hands. Reed said, "Get out, Mrs. Quinett."

She went backwards toward the end door to get out. They started to follow her to the door. Reed then took the long iron bar and fixed it so that he could shove the door shut quick. So when she got to the door, she reached her hand behind her, pushed the door open and stepped out. But the moment that she had stepped out, Reed pushed the door shut quickly, as they made a terrific rush at the door.

She went into that lions' den and worked those lions all the time we remained with that show. When we arrived at Hoopston, Illinois, about the 10th of September, Bur Robbins, an old millionaire who lived in Chicago, came on to the show two or three days before we arrived in Hoopston. He came to me that morning and said, "Look here, Quinett, are you in the habit of getting paid extra for anything you do with this show?" I said, "What do you want to know for?" He said, "Well, I want to know." I said, "Who in the hell are you?" He said, "I am Bur Robbins of Chicago." I said, "You are?" "Yes," he said, "Do you know that I financed this show for every dollar it took to put it out?" I said, "If I had known that you were connected with this show, I should never have engaged with it." He said, "Well, we will cut that \$25 off. Your wife will have to go into that lion cage just as she has done, for we cannot afford to pay her extra salary, as this show has been losing money." I said, "Mr. Robbins, that is all right, we will have to close here tonight after the night show." He then turned and left me.

That night after the show I went to Lee French and told

him what Robbins had said and done. He said, "Well, pop, I am very sorry, but we are in his debt terribly and we have to do just as he says." I said, "All right, Lee, I will close tonight after the show." He said no more to me. So after the show was over, I packed our trunks and had them taken to the railroad station. While we were in the hotel waiting for the train, which was due that night, he sent the treasurer down to the hotel to tell me to come back and finish the season. I told him I would not do anything of the kind. I said to him, "You owe me half a week's salary." He said, our salary day is on every Sunday and I can't pay you anything until then." I said, "All right, Charley, you can keep it." And that was the end of the French and Monroe Circus with me.

We then came home to Wooster and remained there three weeks. Then my wife and I jumped to St. Louis, Mo. I secured a position with the same express company for the winter. In the spring of 1892 I joined the James H. La Pearl Circus, a small show which was to open in Vandalia, Illinois, and sent Mrs. Quinett back home to Wooster. I joined that show at Vandalia. I was to be the Equestrian Director and play clown for the show. We toured Illinois and Indiana that whole season, closing the latter part of October, La Pearl going into winter quarters at Vandalia. I then came home to Wooster, but returned to St. Louis after a short time. I went out to see Mike Mullin, who was one of the proprietors of a large livery barn on Franklin Avenue, as I had become acquainted with him during the past winter in St. Louis. He then told me that he had twelve beautiful gray horses, and he would like to go into the show business. So that is why I went to St. Louis to consult him.

We then organized a 4-car show. I was to furnish the canvas, seats, and all that outfit, and he was to furnish the twelve head of horses and four extra work horses to haul the stuff to and from the lots. So I furnished all the outfit except the horses. I got the show entirely together, hired all the performers, musicians, and agents. Then we bought two flat cars and rented a baggage car and a passenger coach. We fixed the passenger coach up so that all of our performers, musicians and others could sleep in it. We put the stock in one end of the baggage car and put our wagons onto the flat cars. We toured the states of Illinois, Iowa, and Kansas. It was late in the fall when we sent our agent into St. Louis to see what he could do in securing lots for us to show on to finish the season. He secured five lots and we opened in St. Louis about the 10th of September, playing those lots all week stands. We closed on the 8th of October. Just before we closed, Mullins got a wire from his folks at Bloomington, Ind., stating that his father was very dangerously ill. So Mike went over there three days before we closed the show.

When I closed we packed everything up in good shape and stored it in the barn, seats, canvas, stock and all. Then I went to the railroad yards and made arrangements to store the two

flat cars until we could sell them. I then went to the barn and called all the performers, musicians, and laborers and paid them their salary. Every one got his salary in full up to date. When I had finished paying the last man I had only 65 cents left to my name. I went to Mr. Tom Fitzgerald, who was Mullin's partner in the livery business, and told him that I only had 65 cents. I said, "How am I going to get to Wooster?" He said, "What's the matter, pop? Are you broke?" I told him I had paid everybody off, that I did not owe any person a single dollar, and that all that was left of the Mullins and Quinett Show was 65 cents. I said, "Fitzgerald, I want to borrow \$50 to go to Wooster." He said, "Well, pop, you can have \$100." "No," I said, "I only want \$50." I said "Well, here are the books for the entire season. Mike can look them over whenever he wants to and check them up, as I got them from the treasurer of the show. You tell Mike that I wish he would sell my part of the outfit, and if he makes up his mind to try it another season, I will try to raise my share of the money to put it out."

I came home to Wooster and remained there until about the first of December, when I received a letter from J. H. La Parl, asking me if I could come to Danville, Illinois. He said that he was wintering in Danville and that he had a nice building there that he could turn into a winter circus in the very center of the town. He said, "I want you to come and help me put on a winter circus." So I then went to Danville, and by the first day of January we put on a one-ring circus, and showed three nights a week the remainder of the winter. We opened the regular season in Danville on April 21, and toured the states of Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Iowa, returning to Danville after the close of the season.

The next season we opened at Danville on April 18. That season we had two advance cars, and also had enlarged the show with two elephants, one camel, and eight cages of animals, making it a two-ring show with 15 cars. We toured Illinois, Indiana, part of Michigan, part of Ohio, Iowa, Kansas and Missouri, getting down into Arkansas. We closed the season there and took the Iron Mountain Railroad and went to Cairo, Illinois. There La Pearl paid everybody up to date in full, and then took the Illinois Central Railroad and went back to winter quarters in Danville.

In 1897 we opened at Danville on April 17. The show property had all been overhauled, painted and fixed up, and we had increased it with animals and stock until it was a 20-car show, with two advance cars. There was nothing unusual happened with that show to my knowledge. So we closed the season of 1897 and went to Danville. That was the last season that I was with the J. H. La Pearl Show. In closing my season with J. H. La Pearl, I wish to say that I have never worked with, or for, a better man than J. H. La Pearl.

I then came home to Wooster and remained here that entire winter. In the spring of '98 I went to Chicago and joined a cir-

cus that was playing around the lots there. As it was not a success, I came back to Wooster. I saw an ad in the Billboard from the Harris Nickel-Plate Circus, wanting a contracting agent. I wired W. H. Harris, the proprietor, for that position, stating my salary and also that I wanted my wife to go with me. He sent me a night letter, telling me to meet the advance car in Quincy, Illinois, which I did. We toured Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, part of Arkansas, Texas and Oklahoma. That fall, while we were billing the town of Ponka, Oklahoma, another circus agent came in there, who was the head of a wagon show. As we had the town completely covered with paper banners, lithographs and programs, he had very little space to advertise his show, as he was to be there one week after the Harris Nickel-Plate Show.

I met him in a wagon yard where I had just contracted a large fence 8 feet high, completely around that yard, but as I intended to leave it uncovered for our second man to cover. This agent was Virgil Campbell, of the Campbell Bros. Circus. He came into the wagon yard and asked the proprietor about putting his paper on the fence. He was told that I had contracted it. So he turned to me and said, "Are you going to cover that?" I said, "No, I will leave it as it is until the brigade comes on." He said, "Now play fair with me and let me have some space." I said, "Well, who are you and what show are you working for?" He said, "I am Virgil Campbell of the Campbell Bros. Circus." I said, "Well, Mr. Campbell, I will turn this entire fence over to you. Go ahead and cover it."

I then went down to the advance car. We lived on that car, had our meals and all on it. We had a chef on the car and my wife looked after that department. Mr. Campbell came down and was looking around the car. My wife saw him and told me that Mr. Campbell was outside the car. I went and called him in and told him that supper was just ready and to come and eat with us. He came in and we ate our supper. Then we went into my office. He said, "Mr. Quinett, next spring we are going to put out a railroad show. We will have one advance car and I want to get a good man to handle that car. How would you like to work for us?" I then and there made a contract with him to go out as contracting agent and car manager both, at an increase of salary from what I was getting from the Harris Show.

After we had closed our season with the Nickel-Plate Circus we came home to Wooster and remained there that winter. The spring of 1899 my wife and I went to Fairbury, Nebraska, and joined the Campbell Bros. Circus. I contracted for the show and managed the advance car at the same time. I remained with the Campbell Bros. Circus for seven years. It was seven years that I surely appreciate very much in the circus business. The last four years I was Assistant and General Agent to L. G. Campbell. We became very much attached to one another. I always considered him a very dear friend.

The season of 1906, while I was contracting the Campbell Bros. Show in Des Moines, Iowa, I remained over Sunday there. I went out to the Ingersoll Park, which was three miles from Des Moines, a very large amusement park, managed by Mr. Fred Buchanan, who also managed the Criterion Theater. While strolling around the park I saw a very large elephant, a large cinnamon bear, two camels, three or four small cages, a calliope and a band wagon. I went up to a lemonade stand to get a drink of lemonade, and the party that waited on me said, "Hello, pop, don't you know me?" I said, "I believe I do. Are you Charley Myers, that they call 'Candy' Myers?" We shook hands, and he said, "Pop, what are you doing here?" I said, "I just finished contracting Des Moines for the Campbell Bros. Circus." I gave him the date on which we were to show there. I said, "Myers, who does all this circus property belong to?" He said, "It belongs to Mr. Fred Buchanan, the proprietor. Come on, pop, I want you to go down and meet Mr. Buchanan." So I went down with him and he called Mr. Buchanan out. He said, "What is it, Myers?" Myers said, "Come down here, Fred." He introduced me to Mr. Buchanan. He said, "I'll be out in a few minutes." We strolled around the park and he showed me all the animals he had in the building there, some birds, monkeys, and others. I said, "Mr. Buchanan, you have got the foundation of a circus here." He said, "I believe I have. I am thinking of putting out a wagon show in the spring." We went into the theater when it opened at 2 o'clock. After that was over he took me in to dinner with him.

He said, "Now, Mr. Quinett, I would like to get a good agent to take my show out in the spring. Have you ever had much wagon show experience?" I told him I had had all that I ever wanted and that I didn't think I wanted any more. I said, "The last wagon show I was with was the Galmar Bros., out at Baraboo, Wis." He said, "Well, I would like to get a man like you." When I went out to take the car to Des Moines, he said, "Don't tie yourself up to the Campbell Bros. I will pay you more money than they will if you will take the advance of my show out?" I told him that I would drop him a line along in December sometime.

After closing the season with the Campbell Bros. Circus, I came to Wooster, remaining here that winter. About the first of January I received a letter from Mr. Buchanan with a mileage book in it, asking me to come to Des Moines. I then went to Des Moines and there I contracted with him as General Agent of the Yankee Robinson's Circus. I returned home to Wooster and remained here until about the first of March. Then I went back to Des Moines and put up at the Sabin Hotel. I organized my advance and got everything ready to start out on the road with six bill posters and a box brigade. I had in the advance, a 4-horse billing wagon and a hack to carry the bill posters, and a very nice 2-horse team and buggy for myself. I went twelve days ahead, contracting the show.

We toured Iowa, Minnesota, North and South Dakota, returning to South Dakota about the last of August. We arrived at Springfield, S. D., on the Missouri River, where we intended to cross the river on a ferry-boat. The show had quite a time to get the big elephant, Tom, to go onto this boat. When he got on, they had to compel him to remain quite in the center of the boat. If he should have gone to one side of the boat, his weight would have capsized it. So I crossed my advance there on that ferry-boat and arrived in Nebraska. We drove four miles up to Niobrara, and there we took the Bonesteel branch of the Northwestern Railroad, and made all of the towns on that road up to Bonesteel. We toured Nebraska, part of Kansas, and Missouri. We closed the show at Knoxville, Iowa, and drove into winter quarters at Ingersoll Park in Des Moines, ending a very prosperous season.

After the season had closed, I came home to Wooster and remained until the first of March. Then my wife and I went over to Des Moines to the Sabin Hotel. I arranged my advance and fixed everything in good shape to get out by wagons again that season. As Mr. Buchanan had done so well in 1907, he thought he would put the show out again on wagons in 1908.

He improved his show considerably from the first season out. About the 21st of April, I with my advance, six men, the large billing wagon, four horses, and my own buggy, started up through Iowa into Minnesota. The spring was a very wet one. When we got up into Minnesota, into what they call "the black muck", I had a terrible time to get my bill wagons over the road, as they would often sink into the mud up to the hubs.

When the show got up into Minnesota and South Dakota, about the middle of May, I received a letter from Lonnie Buchanan, who was managing the show, that it was almost impossible for him to get that show over the road. The roads were so bad, he had only six miles to go from one town to another, but that he had to buy all the rails, straw, and everything that he could so that he could fix the road to get the show across it to the next stand, arriving there at three o'clock in the afternoon. He said that he had written to his brother Fred, but had received no reply from him. I answered and told him to try to keep on for a short time and probably the roads would be better when he got into South Dakota. I heard no more from him until about the first of June, when I got a wire from him saying, "Come back to the show as I am in trouble." I took the train and went to Tower City, S. D., where I met the show on a Sunday morning.

It was drizzling rain and quite cool for the month of June. I went to the hotel, saw Lonnie and asked him what the trouble was. He said, "Well, pop, come with me. I want to show you the condition of this stock." So we went over to the horse tents where we had a hundred head of horses and mules. I found that the horses were in a terrible condition with sore necks, sore backs, and you could see most all of the bones in their bodies; life was pulled out of them. "Only for our large elephant, Tom,

we would be stuck in the mud almost every day. I noticed over a hundred head of horses tied to a picket fence. I said, "Lonnie, whose horses are those?" He said, "Pop, those are some horses that I hired from two men who were grading for the railroad company after they had finished their job. I am paying \$125 a day for the use of those horses to get this show over the road. I have to feed the drivers and stock." I said, "Well, Lonnie, you will find the roads a little better when you get up further into South Dakota, but I am going to my advance and fix it so that I can go into Des Moines and see Fred."

So I went to my advance and arranged for the boss bill poster to take my buggy and go ahead and contract the show. I gave him the route which would take him to Anita, North Dakota, and told him to keep that route and it would bring him back to the edge of South Dakota to a little town called Ejerly, and gave him \$100. He had plenty of paper to run him for about two weeks, which would bring him up to Ejerly. I then took the train and went to Des Moines, arriving there the following Sunday mornig. About 10 o'clock I went up into Fred's office, which was in the Criterion Theater. He came from the park where he lived about 10 o'clock. He said, "Pop, what are you doing here?" I said, "Fred, I came in to visit you." And as some person came into the room, he said, "Come on into my office." I went in and sat down and told him just the condition of that show. I said, "Fred, there is only one thing that you can do, either put that show on railroad or bring it home. You have no stock to get it over the road. Lonnie is hiring a hundred head of horses to get that show over the road and is paying \$125 a day for the use of them." He said, "Well, pop, what shall I do?" I said, "Fred, if you say for me to do so, I can put that show on railroad and our transportation will not cost over \$125 a movement." He said, "Well, pop, where will we get the cars?" I said, "Fred, I saw in the Billboard an advertisement by Victor Lee, at Sinica, Kansas, saying he had two 60 ft. sleeping cars for sale. Now if you want to put this show on railroad, I will go and wire him and I can get all the cars I want there from, the Arms Palace Stock Car Company." So he said, "Well, pop, go to it, as I do not want to bring this show home. I know that if we can keep the show out, she is going to be a winner."

I then went to the Telegraph Office and telegraphed to Victor Lee and asked him how much he wanted for those two 60 ft. sleeping cars. He told me what he wanted for them and I went to Fred and told him. He said, "Maybe we can get him down on that." So I wired him again and told him what we would pay cash for the two cars. I got an answer about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, saying, "Come and get them." I told Fred to send a man down there with a check for the amount of money to pay for the cars, and before he did so to get a master car builder to inspect those cars thoroughly and see that they are in good shape. So he sent Charley Myers down there. He had the cars inspected and found that they were in good condition

and would be accepted on all railroads. That was the starting of the Yankee Robinson's Show on railroad.

That night at 10 o'clock I took the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad and went to Chicago, arriving there Monday morning. I went to the Winsdor-Cliffton Hotel and the first thing I did was to go to the Arms Palace Stock Car Co., and rent two stock cars, which I told them to have at Aberdeen, S. D. He told me what the rent would be a month for each car. He said that they always had plenty of stock cars out in the west and would hold two of them for us at Aberdeen. Then I went to the C. M. & St. P. general freight office and saw my old friend there, Joe Arnold, chief clerk of the freight department. Joe seemed very much pleased to see me and said, "Pop, what can I do for you and how is the Campbell Bros. Show coming on?" I said, "I am with the Yankee Robinson's Show." He said, "How large a show is that?" I said, "Fifteen cars. I want to make a contract with the C. M. & St. Paul R. R. for thirty-one days on their system, which will bring me to Chamberlain, S. D., where I want to cross the river on that new railroad bridge that has just been finished. We will cross the river to Rapid City, S. D., where we will take the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad." He said, "All right, pop, I will see what I can do for you. You come in here to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock and bring your route that you want to make on our railroad and let me look it over."

After I had left his office I went down to the Chicago & Northwestern general freight office, and there I met another old friend of mine, Scott Brown, chief clerk for that railroad. We had a short visit, then I told him that I represented the Yankee Robinson's Circus and that I had just closed a contract with the C. M. & St. Paul R. R. to cross the new bridge to Rapid City, S. D., where I wanted to take the Northwestern railroad. I said, "Scott, if you can make me a reasonable rate of mileage, I will give your railroad forty-one stands, making that branch and all other branches, which will bring us up to Superior, Nebraska." He said, "Well, pop, I will do the very best I can for you. What did the C. M. & St. Paul make you for thirty-one days on their system?" I told him \$125 for a fifty mile movement, with the \$2.50 running mile over. He then said, "Pop, I'm afraid that I can't meet that, because when you get west of the Missouri River you will find all railroad rates higher than on the east side in the freight departments, but I will do the very best I can for you. So you come in here tomorrow and we will arrange everything."

So the next morning I went to the C. M. & St. Paul freight department and gave Joe Arnold my route for thirty-one days on their system. He looked it over and asked me if he could make a few changes, which would be to my advantage, and then he would fix up a contract to be approved by the General Freight Agent, Mr. Nettles. I said, "All right, Joe, now you look this over and if there is any town or run that you think would be to

my advantage, you may alter this route."

That morning I went down to the C & N. W. R. R. department again. Scott Brown told me that he could make me a rate of \$150 for a fifty mile run, \$3 a mile all over, if I would take forty-one stands on their system. I told him that would be all right. I said, "Scott, you make out the contract and I will be in here tomorrow and we will finish it up."

So on Wednesday morning I went up to the C. M. & St. P. freight office and Joe Arnold had the contract all made out for the thirty-one runs on their system. He said, "I will give you all the mileage books that you will require while you are using our road for your advance. But you will have to deposit \$125 in advance on this contract to secure the 5,000 miles of books that I am going to give you." I said, "All right, Joe, I can do that." And the contract was closed, I to receive the books the next day, and the contract. I then closed up the deal with Scott Brown for the tour on the C. & N. W. of forty-one days. He also told me that he would give me 10,000 miles of mileage books, all in 500 mile books, but I would have to deposit \$150 to secure those books. I said, "All right, Scott, go ahead and fix up your contract."

The next day, which was Friday, I went back to the C. M. & St. Paul office and Joe Arnold told me that Mr. Nettles wanted to see me. So I went into his office and he said, "Mr. Quinett, I want to talk to you in regard to this show that we have just contracted for." I said to him, "Mr. Nettles, I have a tale of woe to tell you. This is a wagon show, which we are going to put on railroad and I am trying to get the cars together to put it out. I noticed when I passed through Aberdeen, S. D., that that there were about twelve or fifteen 50-ft. flat cars in that large quarry that you have there, and I would like to rent eight of those cars." He said, "Do you know that a system like the C. M. & St. Paul does not rent cars? Who owns this show?" I said, "Mr. Fred Buchanan of Des Moines, Iowa." He leaned back in his chair and said, "Do you live in Des Moines?" I said, "No sir, I do not." He then said, "You mean Fred Buchanan, who runs the Ingersoll Park and the Majestic Theater?" I said, "Yes, sir." He said, "So Fred is trying to get into the circus business, is he?" I said, "This is the second season we have been out with the wagon show. The first season Fred was out with his show, it did a very big business. The roads are so bad in North and South Dakota that it is impossible to get his wagon show over the road this spring."

He then said, "Do you know that I know Fred Buchanan very well, as I was Passenger Agent in Des Moines, Iowa, twelve years? Fred has always put everything he could in the way of freight and passengers to the C. M. & St. Paul R. R. If you will fix those cars up so that you can use them with your show, they will cost you \$5 a day for each car, and you can let that go in on your contract every day. Tell Fred, when you go to Des Moines, that I wish him the best of luck and that I hope he will be suc-

cessful." I surely felt pleased when I left his office. I told Joe Arnold that everything was fixed fine. I then went down and closed my contract with Scott Brown. Then I telegraphed to Fred Buchanan and told him that I wanted \$300 to pay the railroad companies our mileage. He wired it to me through the bank. I then paid the Arms Palace Stock Car Co., and the railroad company, and secured my mileage. The agent of the stock car company told me that he would send the car that I had rented for an advance car to Aberdeen without costing me a cent, as he would move it over to the freight depot and load it with nice, clean freight, and send it on the fast freight to Aberdeen.

So after that, which was on Saturday evening, I went to the hotel and remained there until 6 o'clock, took the C. M. & St. Paul and went to Des Moines, arriving there Sunday morning. Mr. Buchanan came down from his home about the usual time in the morning and I laid down the two contracts, for the two railroads and told him to look them over. He did so and was very much pleased. While I was in Chicago the two sleeping cars had arrived in Des Moines. So he loaded a lot of show property, which he thought they would need, and billed the cars out to Aberdeen on a passenger train. I then went to my advance and straightened everything out there. Then I returned to Aberdeen, S. D., and as I had a letter to the agent there from Mr. Nettles, he told me that there were four or five Arms Palace Stock Cars in the yards. And that he would send an engine and get what flat cars I wanted out of the quarry and they would be thoroughly overhauled and put in good condition. My advance car that I had rented from the Arms Palace Stock Car Co. had arrived there and was unloaded.

I got carpenters and fixed up lockers and bunks in the car for my paper and bill posters to sleep on, secured everything that I needed to fit the car out complete, put a small cook stove in it, and had the car painted white with red letters on it. I then went to the telegraph office and telegraphed to my wife at Wooster, to come to Aberdeen at once. She arrived there safely and we went to the hotel. As I had arranged everything in the advance car, I had runs made to run the wagons up onto the flat cars, and chinks and everything that was necessary to put those cars in good service. I had eight flat cars. After I had gotten everything in shape, I got the agent to send them up to Ejerly, S. D.

I remained there with the advance car until the bill posters drove into the town, and we loaded all of our paper and paste kegs and things into the car. There was a young man in Ejerly who I hired as a cook, as we were going to live in the car and make it our home. I also advertised in the paper that there would be a big horse sale on the 26th of June after the afternoon performance of the circus. I then started out with my advance car, I remaining on the car and sending out the contracting agent twelve days ahead of the car. When the circus arrived on the 26th day of June, we gave two performances, loading up the wagon show just as it came in off the road onto the railroad cars.

It was then a wagon show on railroad.

We toured the C. M. & St. Paul route, crossing the river from Chamberlain to Rapid City, S. D., making Belfusch and Deadwood. We finished our forty-one days on the C. & N. W. system at Superior, Neb., and there we took the Frisco R. R. system. We toured the states of southern Kansas and Missouri. When the show arrived at Balover, Mo., about the 14th of November there was an unusually heavy snowfall, and Mr. Buchanan made his mind up then and there to close the show for the season. He wired me to bring the advance car back to Balover, which I did. They attached it to the rear of the sleeping car on the circus train, and it pulled out for Des Moines, Iowa, and went into winter quarters sixteen miles from Des Moines, by the little village of Granger, Iowa. Mr. Buchanan had purchased a village farm there of 120 acres with a nice large dwelling house and a large barn, and the show was put up there, ending the season of 1908.

The show opened at Perry, Iowa, touring all the Western States, and closing the season at Pine Grove, La., shipping the show home to winter quarters at Granger, Iowa. The seasons of 1910, 1911 and 1912 the show toured the Western states as usual, closing the seasons in November, and returning into winter quarters at Granger.

The season of 1913 we opened at Perry, Iowa. Again I had two advance cars ahead of the show with fourteen men in one and six in the other. We toured part of Iowa in the early spring and up through Minnesota, into the Dakotas, and crossed into Canada about the 28th of May. We toured Western and Central Canada, crossing over into the United States at International Falls, Minn. We gave an afternoon show at International Falls, and went from there to Virginia, Minn., and up in the copper country, making all the stands we could in that section. Going west, we crossed through Iowa into Kansas, touring Kansas, Arkansas, part of Texas, and Oklahoma. We closed the season at Enid, Okla., and shipped the show back to Granger.

The seasons of 1914, '15, '16, '17, '18, and '19, I remained with that show. The season of '19 was a tough one for me and ended my circus life of 55 years.

I had business to go back to the show to consult Mr. Buchanan and I met the show at Yankton, S. D., about 11:30 A. M. That day I took a passenger train that runs from Sioux City, Iowa, to Mitchell, S. D. When we got within thirty miles of Mitchell, one mile from a small town called Tripp, I was sitting in the smoking car with the conductor, whose name was Patty Maloney, and with whom I had become rather well acquainted. All at once the baggage car, smoking car and coach left the track and turned over on the side down a little embankment about five feet high. The engine remained on the track and dragged the train about 100 feet. The doors were all jammed so that nobody could get out. There was a large number of passengers on the train and they were all taken out through the

windows. I crawled over and reached up to the window on the side of the car. The conductor and another party took me by the arms and pulled me out of the window. My right shoulder was dislocated and my right knee was knocked out of place. In pulling me through the window, they pulled my shoulder back into place. When I got out onto the grass I could not stand up. The engine immediately started for Mitchell to get the wrecking crew. The conductor went to Tripp and telephoned to Mitchell asking for a doctor and explaining the wreck to the railroad officials at Mitchell. Six or eight automobiles came down from Mitchell and helped those who were disabled, by taking them back to Mitchell.

I remained there with a few others who were crippled, and the engine returned with a relief car and took us all to Mitchell. I remained there for two weeks until the show arrived there. In the meantime I had wired the show to send a man on to take my place and explained the wreck to Mr. Buchanan. When the show arrived, I told him that I was in no condition to remain any longer that season and that I was going home. So I then settled up in full with him and returned to my home in Wooster. That was the end of my fifty-five years in the circus business.

I was only at home thirteen days when the C. M. & St. P. R. R. sent their adjuster over here and he settled with me inside of thirty minutes, paying me my regular salary for the remainder of the season. I remained at home until 1920. The spring of that year I received a letter from Vernon Reaver telling me that he and Harry Kelly were going to put out a 2-car Uncle Tom's Cabin Show, and wanted me to come over to Newton, Iowa, and go in advance of the show.

I answered his letter and told him that I had quit the road and did not intend to go out any more. In reply, he stated that he would pay me as much salary as I had received from the Yankee Robinson's Circus, as he had paid me very often and knew just what my salary was with that show. He said, "Kelly and I know that if you go in advance of our show it will be a success." I answered that letter and told him that I would be on hand at Newton, Iowa, about April 1, and would organize my advance then, and for him to fix up a contract and send it to me. In a few days I received this contract and was very well satisfied with it. The first man I thought of as assistant to myself in the advance was Etzi Leise, of Wooster, who was with the Yankee Robinson's Circus for seven seasons under my management of the advance. I knew that I could depend on him, as he was always faithful and reliable when working for me.

So I saw Etzi and told him that I wanted him to go with me ahead of Reaver & Kelly's Uncle Tom Show, and I would give him the paper as Assistant Agent to me. He agreed and about the first of April we went over to Newton and there I got the advance all ready for the road. We toured Iowa, Minnesota, North and South Dakota, and returned back through Iowa. When we arrived at Jewell Junction, Iowa, about one week be-

fore we were to close the season, I became very sick. I turned over my contracts and everything that I had in regard to the advance, to Etzi. I told him to go on the contract and bill those six towns, which would bring him in to Newton, Iowa, the closing stand and the home of Kelly.

I then took the train and returned to Wooster by way of Chicago. That closed the season of 1920 and my last season of fifty five years of show life.

In 1922, on November 5th, I lost the one I loved very dearly. She was my pal, sharing all the hardships and pleasures of circus life, my dear wife. I am just waiting for the call to that heavenly home to be united there and live the life everlasting in the world without an end.

When the evening shades are falling
I am sitting all alone.
To my heart there come a longing
If she could only come home.
No eyes can see me weep,
But many a tear I shed
While others are asleep.
More and more each day I miss her.
Friends may think the wound is healed.
But little do they know
The sorrow that lies
Within my heart concealed.

What shall I do to be lost? Nothing.
What shall I do to be saved?
Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ
And thou shalt be saved.



